

APRIL

15 CENTS

IN CANADA 30¢

*

Life



"You're posting a bit
too high, Mr. Finlay."

Post
Day

In This Issue:

A NEW, UNABASHED
NATURE TALK BY
DR. SEUSS





Double Eagle by

GOOD YEAR

SOMETHING ABOVE PRICE

WE live in a different world than we did in the year when the first Double Eagle Tire was built.

But there are many men—far more than you might think—who still gladly pay the extra price for this great tire and will have none other.

They know from experience they are buying the Tire of Tires—the peerless tire originally fashioned without regard to cost of materials or labor.

They are aware the Double Eagle is an extravagance for any normal use, but they count its matchless safety and comfort as something above price.



Measure of Hospitality

To discriminating tastes the merits of DIXIE BELLE Dry Gin are immediately apparent. It has that subtle smoothness, that studied excellence, that discreet refinement of bouquet essential to expert mixing. When buying liquor look for the seal that assures quality... "Distilled by Continental."

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED *Gin*

Distilled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA



FAME.. These are the most famous bottles in all the world, and often imitated. It is wise, therefore, to look for the name Haig & Haig, for no one has ever successfully copied the rare flavour of these old, full-bodied Scotch Whiskies

"PINCHED DECANTER"

Haig & Haig
SCOTS WHISKY

"FIVE STAR"

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD.

230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK . . . 1 NORTH LASALLE STREET, CHICAGO . . . 111 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



A wonder on the fairway a washout in the club

There wasn't a man in the club but who would admit that in addition to being a No. 1 golfer, Bradbury was a prince of good fellows—but they never asked him to dinner . . . Their wives invariably said, "Thumbs down." Too bad Bradbury didn't take a tumble to himself . . . he missed so much fun . . . lost so many friends.

* * *

Nobody wants you around in close quarters if you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It's bad in business. It's worse in social life.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have halitosis—and your best friend won't tell you. More-

over, you are very likely to have it. One authority says that 90% of cases are due to odors produced by fermentation of bits of food the tooth brush has failed to remove.

The quick way, the pleasant way, the safe way to get rid of halitosis is to rinse the mouth with Listerine. It readily cleanses the mouth and halts fermentation, the principal cause of odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves. Your breath becomes pure and agreeable—cannot offend others.

Don't let bargain prices on ordinary mouth washes fool you. They may have no deodorant power whatever. For prompt results use only Listerine. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

How's your breath today?



Don't GUESS use LISTERINE
and be SAFE

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

DO YOU KNOW?

Onion breath is caused *not* by onion residue in the stomach, but by bits of onion left on the teeth and gums! This is another of the interesting scientific facts from the files of the Listerine Research Laboratory.

**"WHY LEAVE HER
IN A FEVER?"**



ONCE she hungered for his morning good-bye kiss. But lately the smudge from that venomous chimney leaves her hungering only for plenty of fresh air.

He can keep his bride and keep his briar—with a little consideration for them both. Ream out the old pipe, friend! Ram a cleaner through the stem. Fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh. And settle down to a second honeymoon. This mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is a cool-burning, slow-burning, well-aged tobacco that is indescribably milder. It has brought families and friends closer. It certainly is bringing a new favor to indoor smoking. And making quite a reputation for itself on the way. Try it!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. O-44.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

Life

APRIL : 1934

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Published by
LIFE MAGAZINE, INC.
60 E. 42nd St., New York
FRED. G. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
HENRY RICHTER, *Treasurer*
GEORGE T. EGGLESTON,
Editor
GURNEY WILLIAMS,
EDWARD T. HAAS,
Associate Editors

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Notice of change of address should reach this office one month prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York. Yearly Subscription Rate: U. S., \$1.50; Canada, \$2.10; Foreign, \$2.10.



ENJOY the Exhilaration of SPRING now at the CAVALIER

Banish winter from your life for a week-end, a week or a fortnight. Head South into the Zone of Springtime to the Hotel Cavalier, in the historic and picturesque Tidewater section of Virginia.

Play Golf in the warm spring sunshine, on the two superb, pine-bordered courses of the Cavalier and the Princess Anne Country Clubs—both adjacent to the hotel.

Horseback Riding—splendid mounts; delightful trails through the budding countryside. Glass-enclosed salt-water pool. All other sports. Charming social atmosphere. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. Easily reached by train, boat or motor. Write for illustrated booklet "L".



The CAVALIER HOTEL Virginia Beach, Va.

SIDNEY BANKS
Managing Director

Things You'd Never Know
Unless We Told You
Installment No. 9

WHEN a missionary played several records of Caruso for natives in the interior of Africa, they laughed uproariously. But Harry Lauder records were greeted with solemnity.

Although there are plenty of non-Mohican-speaking Mohicans left, the last of the Mohicans who could speak Mohican died last year.

Stamp collectors in the United States average three per square mile.

A bill was introduced into the Argentine Parliament to bar from voting any one who had been either convicted of a crime—or *acquitted four times*.

Coach Hunk Anderson distributed a cigar box full of rabbit feet to the Notre Dame football players last season!

Divorce statistics show that the *only child* has a twenty per cent less chance of finding happiness in married life.

The Italian government recently forbade the sale of any wine containing less than nine per cent alcohol.

Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Dollfuss and Kemal, the iron men of today's world, are all of recent peasant descent.

Japanese are not permitted to practice dentistry in New York State.

Among the earliest users of a system of shorthand were Cicero and Julius Caesar.

Celebrating the last New Year's in the United States killed a hundred and sixty people.

A record of the voice of King George V was made on a nickled copper disc and stored in the British Museum, to be opened five thousand years from date.

The tree population of Manhattan is six thousand.

An American chain of five and ten cent stores is finding a ready market for rabbits' hind feet for luck tokens.

It is against the law in Delaware to swear in the street, but it is perfectly legal to swear in a house.

—W. E. Farbstein.

13 FESTIVE DAYS

as these

BIG SHIPS

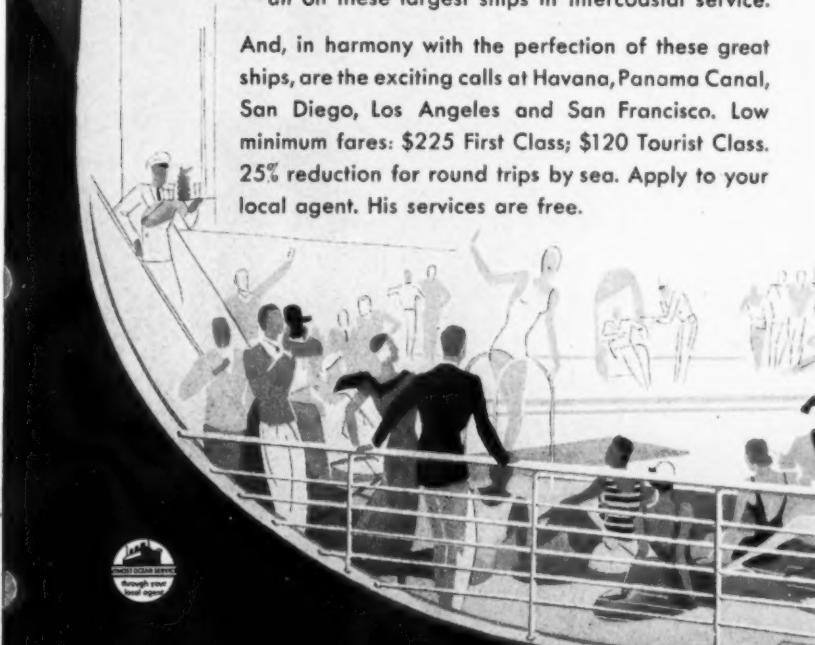
cruise to

California

Thirteen days from coast-to-coast, and thirteen happy days for you when you sail on a modern, luxurious Panama Pacific liner—one of the famous "Big Three"—*S.S. Virginia, S.S. Pennsylvania, S.S. California*.

Delicious cuisine, in air-conditioned dining salons . . . acres of broad, breeze-swept decks . . . spacious cabins, all outside, affording perfect ventilation . . . two outdoor swimming pools, built right in the deck — all on these largest ships in intercoastal service.

And, in harmony with the perfection of these great ships, are the exciting calls at Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Low minimum fares: \$225 First Class; \$120 Tourist Class. 25% reduction for round trips by sea. Apply to your local agent. His services are free.



PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York; 216 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 687 Market St.,

San Francisco. Other offices in all principal cities. Agents everywhere.



Smooth out that KNOT OF PAIN with soothing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

HERE'S quick relief—soothing, gratifying relief for those muscles knotted and throbbing with pain.

Rub and smooth that paining spot in arms, shoulders, neck, back, legs, with good old Absorbine Jr. You can feel this wonderful liniment go to work, feel its soothing benefits unkink those knots of misery right out of sore, congested muscles.

It takes only a short time for Absorbine Jr. to accomplish such relieving results. The minute it touches the sore spots, a grand warm feeling—a pleasant glow—permeates to the very seat of the trouble. And as this warmth steals in—the pain steals OUT!

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. Keep a bottle handy. Nothing can take its place for bruises, aching muscles, strains or sprains. It is also a fine antiseptic for cuts and burns. All druggists, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot," sleeplessness

SCHOOL FOR WIVES

M R. DERNBERGER was not at all pleased with his February sales, and he was taking it out on his salesmen. They were grouped about him like schoolboys in the principal's office. Mr. Dernberger was roaring.

"Now this business of acting like a"

Mr. Dernberger's secretary interrupted the meeting.

"Mrs. Fenton wants Mr. Fenton on the telephone. She says it's very urgent."

Mr. Fenton picked up the telephone and turned two or three shades paler. The other salesmen relaxed as though getting out of a dentist's chair. Mr. Dernberger looked like an angry bull.

"Hello," said Mr. Fenton.

"Oh, darling," said Mrs. Fenton. "The most awful thing has happened. The Prices are coming for dinner."

"Well?" said Mr. Fenton, slightly exasperated.

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Fenton. "Well? You know perfectly well what that means. You know perfectly well that I can't make biscuits." She was almost shouting. "How do you make biscuits?"

"Oh, God," groaned Mr. Fenton. The other salesmen and Mr. Dernberger pyramided toward him in curiosity and anxiety. "I'll call you back," he said.

"No, no, Mark. You must tell me now. I have a million things to do, and they're coming early. What is it you do first? Don't you mix something?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fenton, perspiring freely. "Yes, you do."

"What?"

"Well," Mr. Fenton faced Fate. "Well, it's like this —." The other salesmen and Mr. Dernberger were breathing on his neck. "First you take two—" he coughed.

"Yes, yes, you take two somethings of flour, don't you? Two what?"

"Cups." That wasn't bad.

"And don't you mix it with soda or baking powder or something?"

"Yes."

"Well, which? Mark, you're acting so strangely."

"Powder."

"Baking powder?"

"Yes." Not bad.

"Now when do you put the sugar in?"

"You don't?"

"You don't?"

"No, you put lard." Not so good.

"Oh, of course. How much?"

"Just a little."

"How little?"

"Oh, about two—uh—uh—"

"Two tablespoons?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Then what do you do? You're really not helping me in the least."

Mr. Fenton was thinking hard. "I'm trying to," he said. "This is a very serious case. I do hope the little fellow isn't suffering too much."

"What in the world are you . . . ?"

"Remember this. There must be some sort of liquid—say water. Don't interrupt me. Or even milk. Yes, I think

•
"What—
you
dropped
it!"



milk would be better." Mr. Fenton was feeling very adequate. "Perhaps a cup. Yes, a cup of milk."

"Mark, what is the mat . . . ?"

"Then add that to your dry mixture," Mr. Fenton continued smoothly, "and do be careful. Try to keep his temperature from becoming too high. And don't rub too hard. That would hurt."

The other salesmen and Mr. Dernberger somehow sensed Mr. Fenton's utter competency.

"Keep the edges smooth," he went on, "and let a little air in through the top. Now don't worry, and I'll do what I can to fix him up when I get home. Goodbye, dear."

Mr. Fenton laid the telephone down with a deep and beautiful sigh. "Our youngster," he announced to the other salesmen and Mr. Dernberger, "has a nasty burn. I was telling her," pointing to the phone, "what to do about it. She's sorta slow in situations like that."

—Katharine Best.

WHO SAID THIS?

These are recent characteristic utterances of well-known people. Try to pick them out from the list below. Then check with the code on page 49.

- () 1. "In a certain sense, indeed, I am an artist."
 - () 2. "The American expression, 'oh, yeah?' is rather pretty."
 - () 3. "The man who takes a brandy around the evening meal time is a worthy citizen."
 - () 4. "One never knows what tomorrow may bring."
 - () 5. "It is considered chic for the so-called intelligentsia to taboo marriage."
 - () 6. "Marriage is absurd."
 - () 7. "I couldn't earn a dime playing the part of my natural self."
 - () 8. "What is the Social Register?"
 - () 9. "The Hearst papers are splendid."
 - () 10. "Hollywood is getting to be a grind."
- (A) Greta Garbo
 - (B) Ann Harding
 - (C) Fannie Hurst
 - (D) Mrs. John N. Garner
 - (E) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
 - (F) Henry Ford
 - (G) H. L. Mencken
 - (H) G. B. Shaw
 - (I) Adolf Hitler
 - (J) Lee Tracy

We've often wondered why money is called dough, because dough sticks to the fingers.



ITALIAN WINES



Famous Italian Wines

VERMOUTH
WHITE WINES
Capri
Cat-Eat-East
Frascati
Laeryma Christi
Orvieto
Soave
RED WINES
Barolo
Barbera
Chianti
Santa Maddalena
Corvo
Casteldecaia
Valpoliceilla
Valtellina
DESSERT WINES
Mineato
Marsala
SPARKLING WINES
Asti Spumante
Laeryma Christi Spumante
Nebiolo Spumante



Italy's GOLDEN SUN

brought to America's
smart tables in
these imported

ITALIAN WINES

SUBTLE...rich...delicate! Wines nurtured south of the Alps in golden Italian sunshine...from old vines established in Italy's fine soils. Smart American tables are welcoming these famous vintages...dinner wines, red and white, sweet and dry...sparkling wines, sweet, dry and brut...dessert wines, full, aromatic, savory...and the celebrated Italian vermouths, with their tangy, bitter flavor! They are served too in fine restaurants here and abroad, and on such vessels as the Rex and Conte di Savoia.

Italian wines are produced under intelligent discipline in restricted wine districts, bottled and handled with exquisite care and exported from Italy under the auspices of the Istituto Nazionale per L'Esportazione, a Royal Italian Government Agency. Write for illustrated booklet describing the various regional types.

ITALIAN WINE ASSOCIATION

44 WHITEHALL STREET, NEW YORK





"STOP & GO" SERVICE

A Symposium of Criticism

by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

DRAMA

(Some of these shows may be closed by now, and others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

- **Ah, Wilderness.** Eugene O'Neill shows, in this sympathetic comedy of adolescent boyhood and understanding fatherhood, what a great playwright he can be when he doesn't take our cosmic predicament too seriously. Guild, W. 52nd.
- **All the King's Horses.** Better than the usual old model "T" operetta of the two breezy Americans in Operetta Land. Good tunes and Nancy McCord. Imperial, W. 45th.
- **As Thousands Cheer.** Started a seat wave that makes it almost impossible to get a ticket. Biting revue, with Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, Leslie Adams, and Ethel Waters. Music Box, W. 45th.
- **Big Hearted Herbert.** Good cartoon comedy of a self-made man who is so stuck on his handiwork that his family finally has to do him over. Biltmore, W. 47th.
- **Dodsworth.** If Walter Huston didn't give one of his usual masterly performances in this, we would hang out a big red lantern to warn you away, because you simply can't be sympathetic with Dodsworth's interest in that wife. Shubert, W. 44th.
- **Her Master's Voice.** Still our favorite comedy. About the terrible fate of a young man (Roland Young) who loses his job and becomes a high-salaried radio singer. Plymouth, W. 45th.
- **Mary of Scotland.** This is the only costume play we've seen for ages that we care a button for. It's great. We like the grand Maxwell Anderson text, and Helen Hayes and Helen Menken and Philip Merivale. Alvin, W. 52nd.
- **Men in White.** (Or "What a Young Interne Ought to Know.") Love among hospitals, knives and forks. Broadhurst, W. 44th.
- **Murder at the Vanities.** Mr. Carroll mixes melodrama and merriment, sighs and thights, and the darn thing goes on and on. Majestic, W. 44th.
- **No More Ladies.** Lucile Watson is a whiz as a saucy grandmother who is more modern than her own granddaughter who isn't so old-fashioned herself. Morosco, W. 45th.
- **Richard of Bordeaux.** Lots of actors, headed by Dennis King, having the time of their lives in recitations and tableaux in a beautifully costumed but none too inspired historical drama about a relatively unimportant king. Empire, B'way at 40th.

Roberta. Jerome Kern music and glorious gowns and Bob Hope redeeming a rather dull story about a musical comedy fullback who inherits a musical comedy Parisian gown shop. New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.

Sailor Beware. What our navy does between wars, at a cost of many millions a year to us relatively celibate taxpayers. Lyceum, E. 45th.

She Loves Me Not. Rumpus on a campus. A night club dancer in her scarcelies hides from cops in a Princeton dorm. 46th St. theatre.

The Pursuit of Happiness. Pleasant comedy based on bundling, a quaint New England measure for forest conservation. Avon, W. 45th.

The Shining Hour. An all-English (and that means practically perfect) cast in a highly interesting story of love running amuck among the intelligent inhabitants of a Yorkshire cottage. Booth, W. 45th.

They Shall Not Die. Propaganda with theatric hair on its chest. Based on the Scottsboro case. Big Theatre Guild production. Gets to your marrow. Royale, W. 45th.

The Wind and the Rain. Well, maybe this is the best comedy in town. A mild English story of student life in Edinburgh, and our private idea of just about the best possible 2½ hours to be had. Ritz, W. 48th.

Tobacco Road. Henry Hull's masterly portrait of a no-good Georgia low-life. Swell squalor. 48th St. theatre.

Ziegfeld Follies. Shubert version. Coarser-grained than Ziegfeld would do, but still quite a show, quite a show. Fanny Brice, the Howards, the Ebenses, Jane Froman, Everett Marshall, Patricia Bowman. Winter Garden, B'way at 50th.

MOVIES

Bolero (George Raft, Carole Lombard)—Proving Mr. Raft can dance—in fact, it's a hoofing recital. Story of boy who rises (correct me if I'm wrong) from coal miner to ballroom dancer. With Sally Rand, the fan dancer, and Frances Drake (watch her go places) as added attractions, the idea sounds like glamorous entertainment. I assure you it is not. Fair, and that's stretching it.

Carolina (Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore)—Adaptation of the play, *The House of Connolly*. Aristocratic southern family, devoted to ancestor worship, is saved from decay by the industry of a Yankee gal who is their tenant farmer. First half is simply swell. Last chapter (with the fairy story finish) takes it out of the green.

Catherine the Great (Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Elizabeth Bergner)—Good performances in handsome historical film produced by Alexander Korda, who made *Henry VIII*. Bergner, considered finest actress in Germany, handicapped by bad make-up. I saw film twice. First time Bergner looked yellow. Second time, green. She grows on you.

Curtain at Eight (Dorothy Mackaill, Paul Cavanaugh)—Back-stage murder mystery. They hope you'll think a monkey did it. He didn't. It was the leading lady. (Ed. note: People go to mystery films to guess who committed the crime. When Evans tells the answer, he hopes you will take his word for it, and stay home.)

Enlighten Thy Daughter (Herbert Rawlinson, Miriam Battista)—Not worth the box office draw it may create due to the come-on title. Movement slow and uninteresting, and poor job of recording.

Flaming Gold (Bill Boyd, Pat O'Brien, Mae Clark)—Drama and romance in the Mexican oil fields, and it might have been jake if they hadn't tried to cover so much territory. (And the interest the Standard Oil Company takes in one oil well will probably give the Standard Oil Company a laugh.)

It Happened One Night (Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert)—Spoiled darling of the rich dives off her father's yacht, meets newspaper man on a Miami-New York bus. Fun.

Madam Spy (Fay Wray, Nils Asther)—We don't need another spy picture, even if it's good. And this one's bad.

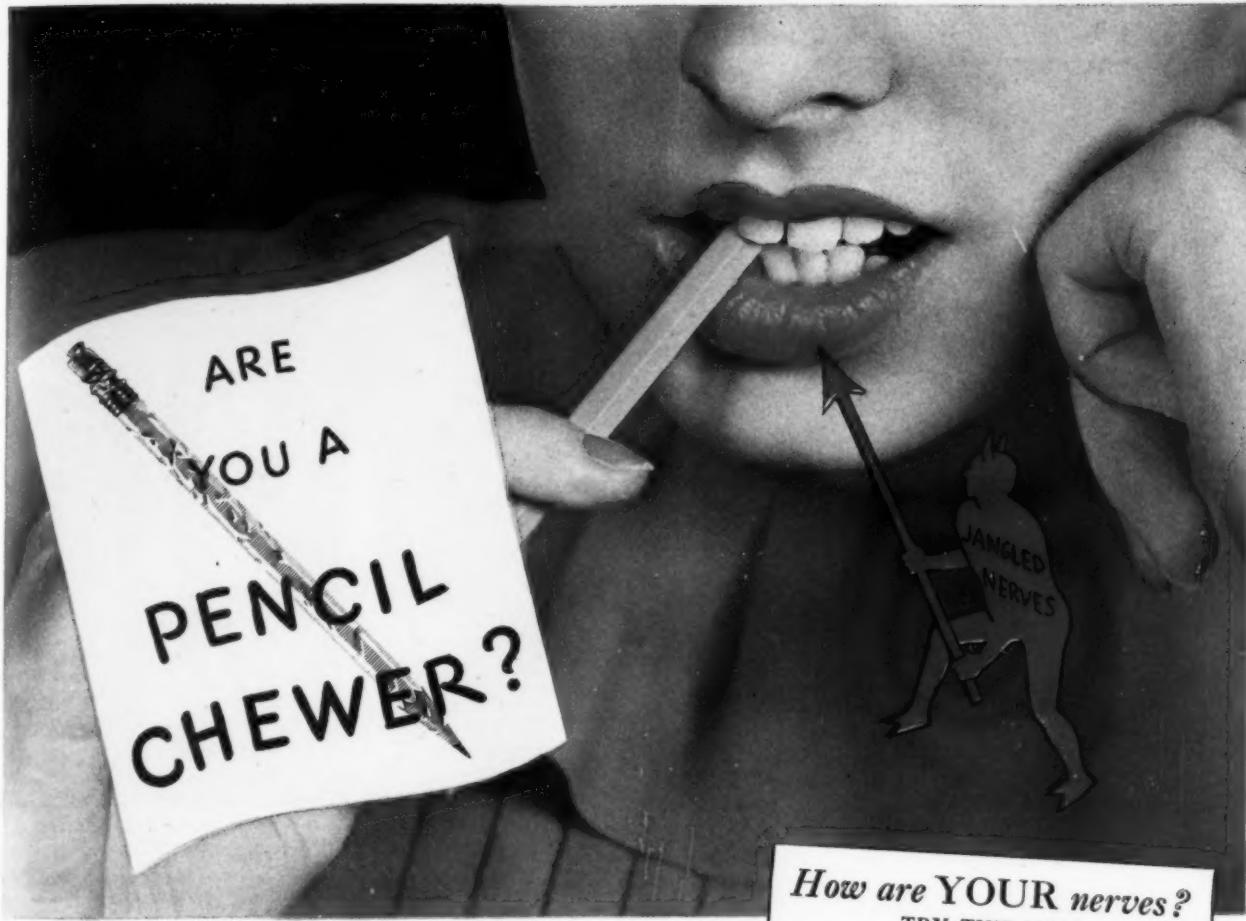
Mandalay (Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez)—Weak story (particularly the end, which is downright silly) made passable by smart direction and intelligent performances. White woman, deserted by her boy friend, a gun-runner, decides to make men pay and pay. Oriental atmosphere O.K., but a couple of shots on a boat make you think that Old Man River is now doubling in a bit part between Rangoon and Mandalay.

Meanest Gal in Town (Zasu Pitts, El Brendel, Pert Kelton, James Gleason, Skeets Gallagher)—The names are listed as a warning of expert comics. The cast suggests a very amusing picture. As a matter of fact, it's pretty dull, due to the writing. Another two-reel idea stretched to a feature.

Search for Beauty (Buster Crabbe, Ida Lupino)—The moral of the story is that health magazines (are you listening, Mr. MacFadden?) are just rackets to cash in on pictures of young girls exercising in bathing suits, and to illustrate how wrong it is the film shows lots of pretty girls exercising in bathing suits. This tops killing two birds with one stone. The movies kill one and fatten the other.

This Side of Heaven (Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter)—Clean story of the modern American family. Fair character studies—slow action—good

(Continued on page 50)



Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don't—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for *jangled nerves*.

And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your smoke, particularly if you are a steady smoker.

For remember, Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how many you smoke.

COSTLIER TOBACCO

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



How are YOUR nerves?
TRY THIS TEST



See how speedily you can complete this test. With your left hand (or with your right hand, if you are left-handed) unbutton your vest beginning at the top. Now button it again, beginning at the top. If you use more than one hand you are disqualified. Average time for six-button vest is 12 seconds.

Jack Summers (Camel smoker), national professional squash racquets champion, completed the test in 9 seconds.

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

MODERN
MEDICINE
MEN



• Warden Lawes—Sloan's Liniment
(WJZ, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)



• Rudy Vallée—Fleischmann's Yeast
(WEAF, Thursday, 8 p.m.)



• George Gershwin—Feenamint
(WJZ, Monday, 7:30 p.m.)



• Albert Spalding—Castoria
(WABC, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)



APRIL, 1934

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

"—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—"

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

A POSTCARD from an Indiana reader complains that when a farmer goes to Uncle Sam these days to unburden his woes he's told to close his mouth and say "AAA."

ONE reason we're sorry they're dropping the CWA is that it will put a lot of people out of useless work. An artist friend tells us about one of the artists the CWA employed at \$34 a week to paint pictures of contemporary life, to be used ostensibly as historical documents: pictures of playgrounds, busy rivers and the like.

This artist chose a corner of Union Square as his subject, worked for several weeks at \$34 and then received a

check for \$30—a four dollar cut. Not to be outdone, the artist finished the painting and then proceeded to cut four dollars' worth out of the upper right-hand corner. This in itself wasn't so bad but the section he cut out contained a picture of a taxi standing in front of a "United States Cigar Store;" all the artist left was the word "Unite" on a red background, which gave the picture something of a revolutionary character. We'd give a lot to know what the CWA officials did with it.

RECOVERY Item: Ed Wynn's pay envelope for 1933 (approximately \$250,000.00) was equal to the combined salaries of Owen D. Young, William Woodin and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

AT the English church in Monte Carlo, a traveler tells us, hymns are sung religiously but Nos. 1-36 are absolutely out. One Sunday, years ago, the chaplain announced Hymn No. 19, and nearly half the congregation left hurriedly to put money on No. 19 at the roulette tables.

• • •
YEA, as long as the milk of human kindness floweth, there will be those bent on deflecting the creamy stream into the wrong tin cup. To wit: Various commercial organizations operating under such trade names as "Pawnee Bill," "The Blind Partners," and "Needy Nell" have been milking a charitably inclined sucker list by send-



"There have been several complaints about your making deliveries with flour on your pants."

ing neckties, pencils, handkerchiefs, and other nondescript merchandise by mail. The usual appeal for payment is, of course, based on sympathy, but the price is always a long one.

The recipient of such merchandise, under post office rulings, need not pay for it or return it. If he wants to, he may charge storage for it, and if the sender does not *call* for it he may dispose of it in any manner he sees fit—via ash can, poor relative, Salvation Army, or giving it to the baby. But he cannot use it himself unless he pays for it.

Professional men—doctors, lawyers, dentists and the like—have long been marked by petty swindlers as easy pickings. After a certain amount of being batted around from pillar to post, however, they sometimes grow wily, as in the case of the doctor who received three stringy neckties with the following letter:

"Dear Doctor:

"We are taking the liberty of sending you three extra fine neckties. Because these ties have the approval of thousands of discriminating dressers, we know you will like them. Please send \$2.00."

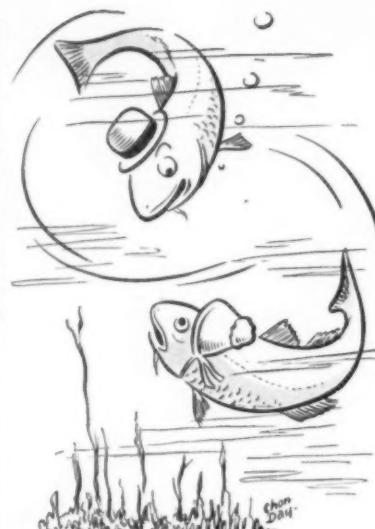
The doc replied:

"Dear Friend:

"I am taking the liberty of sending you \$2.00 worth of extra fine pills. Because these pills have helped thousands of discriminating patients, I know you will like them. Please accept them in payment for the ties sent me under date of Feb. 3."

WE'VE always been tremendously impressed by firms that print a cable address on their letterhead. It adds a certain glamor to know you're doing business with OGWOGLL, instead of just plain The Threadneedle Pump Company. Even so, we feel that the general run of code addresses is a bit sappy—words like MILCOR, DORRCO, AMRABDELCO seem to predominate. The Wales, Dove, Hermiston Corporation seems to us to go out of the way to be odd by being BITUMASTIK, New York.

Even when the words do make sense, they don't make sense. ELEPHANT, for example, is G. Shimizu & Co., Osaka. DEBATEFUL, beside being poor grammar, is Smith, Limited, Lon-



don. MUSEUM will get you the Shelbourne Hotel in London, HEADACHE the Alfred Bishop Chemists, SUCCESS The Smith Waterwheel Company of York, Pa., and CHAUCER the Sheffield Scissors, Razor & Tool Company of Sheffield, England. HERESI is a god-fearing insurance man and BOSS nothing but the Keystone Watch Case Company.

The reason for having a cable address is humdrum and plausible enough. When you send a cable, you have to pay for every word, even the address, so it has proved thrifty to sum up an



"We gotta be very careful; we're against the law since repeat."

expensive salutation like Moynihan, Seymour, Shwartz, Cadwallader and Einfield, Seventy-Eight Battery Place, New York, New York, Etats-Unis, in a simple word like PHURP. The reason for picking such irrelevant words is still obscure, but at any rate it's glamorous. And oh yes—Smith Parkinson & Co., brokers in Bradford, England, seem to have written their code address in a fit of depression disgust. It's NUTS!

ARTS & LETTERS

THE NEW "Oxford Dictionary" is truly a praiseworthy piece of work. Aside from the fact that it has scooped up all the words coined during the last fifty years—including the vast vocabularies born of such modern knick-knacks as the airplane, the radio, the auto, the talkies, and psychology—the downright democratic liberality of the book earns a considerable hand. Imagine finding—in a *dictionary*, mind you—such familiar, back-porch items as "raspberry (to give the)", "ride (take for a)", and "gold-digger (girl or woman who attaches herself to a man merely for gain)". There's also "set back (cost)", "goof", "boob", "Honky-tonk", "frisk", and "hooey".

Too bad it's so impossible to get up a dictionary that will contain *all* the combinations of words that say things their formal definitions don't mean. Even as "gold-digger" doesn't mean a person who digs for gold, so "go fly a kite" isn't a request to fly a kite—then why not an entry, "Kite (go fly a)"? We'd also add "fire (are you going to a?)", "bucket (go soak your head in a)", and "hat (in your)".

ALADY who edits a love story magazine let us look over some of the MSS. she had got from amateurs. Many of them were love stories; others were western, detective or true stories—the senders-in feeling that it made no difference since they would all come back anyhow. Nice confidence, we thought.

Most of the love tales were pushovers in which hero and heroine fell hastily in love and got married. Thus wrought Fate, the grim jester. Fate, the baffling strategist. Most often the hero was named Peter Martin. In the right-hand pocket of his tweeds he carried a pipe.

L I F E



"Don't lie around like that; you'll get a sore throat!"

That was about all he did. Sometimes he was referred to as Prince Charming.

The heroine was always lonesome until Prince Charming came along, but then things were better. If they just fell in love and got married, the editor wasn't interested. Success in love stories depends on making the girl shed tears. Remember that, buddies. Enclose a stamped envelope also.

We found ourselves writing down various sentences which struck our fancy. "The head above the collar was missing."

Dogged, we copied more sentences and then found that we could put them together and make a love story:

Her unfurrowed brow was Placidity's shrine.

Fate in the form of six feet of brawn and tweed was handing her a break at last.

Coming from a small town in Indiana, he was unspoiled by any vices.

He was thoroughly convinced that she was as cleanly sane as himself, and that was probably perfect.

"I love you, darling." "So do I," she said.

Frail, but beautiful and as courageous as a tigress, she was such a one as men are naturally most likely to kidnap.

She was but a mass of chemical compounds in the form of a girl.

"If it was only Mary that I was marrying today I know that I would be full of pep, and wouldn't that be wonderful."

Sorry.

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE who listened to a Lowell Thomas broadcast lately were invited to telegraph in their comments by Western Union free. The broadcast was a description of the Western Union plant, so W.U. officials decided they could afford it. To Mr. Thomas's embarrassment the first six telegrams came by Postal Telegraph, collect.

BURNING as we've always been with a passion for bestowing credit where credit is by all odds due, we pounce upon the picture industry for its unseemly partiality in the distribution of that commodity. While the stars get all the publicity, most of the money, and a lion's share of the glory; and the director

bags what's left of the credit and a sizable cut of the kale; the man who's most largely responsible for what's good or bad in movies is, of all things, the script writer!

After browsing over the scripts of several current productions we find that the writer explicitly tells the actor what to do and say, the director what to direct, the carpenter what to build, the sound man what to rattle, and the cameraman how and from what angle to shoot. Like this, from Barthelmess' newest, *Massacre*:

"Scene 316

INTERIOR CELL—MEDIUM SHOT
THUNDER HORSE AND LYDIA

Lydia stands motionless, watching Thunder Horse. Her face is full of suppressed excitement. He gives her a keen, penetrating look, then slowly and deliberately he tears the telegram in little bits and tosses them to the floor of the cell. She watches him, puzzled by his demeanor, and yet full of excitement of her own.

THUNDER HORSE:

(With a caress in his voice)
'You're trembling, Lydia—what's the matter?'



"Miss Martin, remind me to have better glass put in the window—I just got scared out of my wits!"

Then, to get across the idea that Thunder Horse is to have a smile on his face, the script continues:

"He turns to her with a smile and takes her hands. There is a smile on his face."

That's so the actor will know he's supposed to smile.

GREAT MINDS—

"I THINK Smith is absolutely honest in his personal convictions on liquor."

—Bishop James J. Cannon, Jr.

"Any one who wakes in the night and decides that he's a prince, is a prince."

—Harry (Prince Michael) Gergason.

"Prohibition will be back."

—Rev. William "Billy" Sunday.

"In some respects, the mechanics of baseball are superior to those of politics."

—James A. Farley.

"I play just hard enough to win."

—William Tilden.

"There is no reason why cash should not be given to those who can use it wisely."

—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

"I have seen three generations of idiots in my Temple."

—Aimee Semple McPherson.

"We are the most undisciplined people in the world."

—Edward P. Mulrooney.

"The public has seen my legs."

—Marlene Dietrich.

"I'd like to be a doctor's wife."

—Fifi Dorsay.

"Shelter is more important than food to actors."

—Eddie Cantor.

"I resent being called the cowboy who went society."

—Gary Cooper.

L I F E





*"Hail, hail, the gang's all here, What the hmm do we care,
what the hmm do we care."*

GADGETS WANTED

A device for attachment to subway turnstiles, vending machines or any other kind of coin machine which will yell "Stop thief!" or hit the depositor of a counterfeit coin with a mallet has been invented by Professor A. C. Seletsky of Case University, Cleveland.—*News Item*.

DEAR Professor Seletsky: Well, your invention will no doubt do a job for the telephone, subway and peanut vending companies, but to be perfectly candid it's just another case of Big Business versus the Common People in which Big Business gets the real dough and the Common People get hit over the head with a mallet.

I've been thinking a lot lately about the little problems we all have to face from day to day, and it occurred to me you might better turn your attention to relieving some of the annoyances we Average Citizens suffer.

For instance, why don't you put out a whatchamacallit to fit over doorways for use in cases where people stand around saying good night for an hour before leaving? The gadget could be a bucket of water or a mushy custard pie or a carton of eggs that would plop gently on the visitor's head, automatically informing him that you wanted to close the door and go to bed. Maybe something like this in the bathroom, too, would teach visitors to use the guest towels.

You could be a little rougher with people you didn't know, like, for instance, canvassers who doorbell you out of the bathtub to show you a new line of cosmetics. Your mallet would be okay here but I think a large bag of cement or a padded bowling ball would be better; they wouldn't leave any

marks and you could tell the police that the salesman fell unconscious when you offered to buy some of his junk.

You wouldn't have to confine yourself to water buckets and mallets, though; there are other problems that would need different treatment. But what they would be I'll leave up to you. A partial list of the situations are listed below:

(A) Gadget for people who muss your hair and step on your feet at the movies.

(B) Doohickey to stop people from beefing about liquor prices.

(C) Invention to prevent waiters from putting checks face down on the table.

(D) Device for eliminating conversation about the weather.

(E) Attachment for radio to filter out advertising talk, Eddie Cantor, and advertising talk.

These suggestions, of course, barely scratch the surface but I thought I'd better write you immediately before somebody perfects a typewriter attachment that will slug me with a rubber hose every time I write an open letter.

Sincerely yours,
—Gurney Williams.

We're curious to know what goes on at the broadcasting station that makes people laugh so hard at the comedians.



"If anyone wants to see him he says to tell them he's not here."

HO HUM. MAYBE WE'LL ALL GET KILLED

SEPTEMBER: Milgravia and Argoland, after a three weeks' peace conference have agreed to renounce war as an instrument of settling disputes between them.

October: Milgravia staged an impressive military display today when all its forces were marshalled for a gigantic demonstration. Featuring this exhibition was a fleet of huge tanks capable of climbing up a skyscraper at seventy miles an hour, and with guns strong enough to destroy the sturdiest known fortresses from a distance of thirty miles.

Argoland diplomats, when informed of this demonstration, made no comments. A bill is being rushed through the Argoland Congress for the construction of two thousand additional super-bombing planes.

November: Declaring that Argoland was prompted purely by a desire for peace, Professor Trinsk of the National University announced today that he had turned over to the government a recent invention of his, a gas so powerful that an ounce and a half of it is capable of killing all the inhabitants of a city the size of Philadelphia.

Milgravia has voiced no objection to Argoland's new weapon. "Argoland's inventions are her own affair" is her attitude. Tax rates in Milgravia were raised fifty per cent in order to make possible the government's new additional five billion dollar appropriation for armaments.

December: The latest agreement between Argoland and Milgravia assures peace between them for an indefinite time. The September agreement has been modified to read that neither of these powers will declare war on each other without five days' notice, and both countries, in the event of a war, agree not to use submarines of a displacement greater than 60,000 tons, or, roughly, the size of the largest liner afloat. Both countries appear confident of a peaceful future. General mobilization is not likely until next week at the earliest.

—Parke Cummings.

Our wife asked the grocer the other day if he'd find out how these big baking companies managed to bake sliced bread without all the slices sticking together.



"Why must you tell everybody I was an incubator baby?"

WHY I LOVE NEW YORK

(With a bow to Ogden Nash, but not a very low one
For I could do his stuff second to no one
And get myself in the New Yorker and
hired by Mr. Hearst
If only Mr. Nash hadn't beaten me to it
by thinking of it first)

NEW YORK is full of interesting people
None of whom I know.
New York has many a lofty tower or steeple,
I haven't climbed any of them, though.
New York has wonderful cabarets and night clubs
And theaters no end,
And you can have a marvelous time in the right clubs
Which I can't afford to attend.

New York has sights in its various prefectures
Well worth going miles to see.
I've never seen them. New York has lectures
And many forms of entertainment that are free,

Which I don't go to. New York has beaches
Where you can go and come back for a dime
But it's too cold to go there in the winter, and in the summer when they say the sands are full of peaches Not hard to pick up, either—I've never found the time.

In fact New York has pretty near anything you might care for
Though as far as the good they do me I might as well be in Cork, Or Andalusia, or Sydney, Australia. But perhaps someday I'll have the time or the money or the inclination to enjoy them, and therefore I'm crazy about New York.

—Berton Braley.

• •
During Prohibition you could get a drink anywhere; now you can get one almost anywhere.

L I F E



FOWINA

Sinbad



"Quick, I want an affidavit on this—is there a notary aboard?"

Some Things I Would Like Cleared Up About Elevators

WHY starters always send a car up just as I am about to step in.

Why you have to face the front of the car instead of forming congenial groups.

Why my voice always breaks when I give my floor number.

Whether big buildings hire operators to fit uniforms, or buy uniforms to fit the operators.

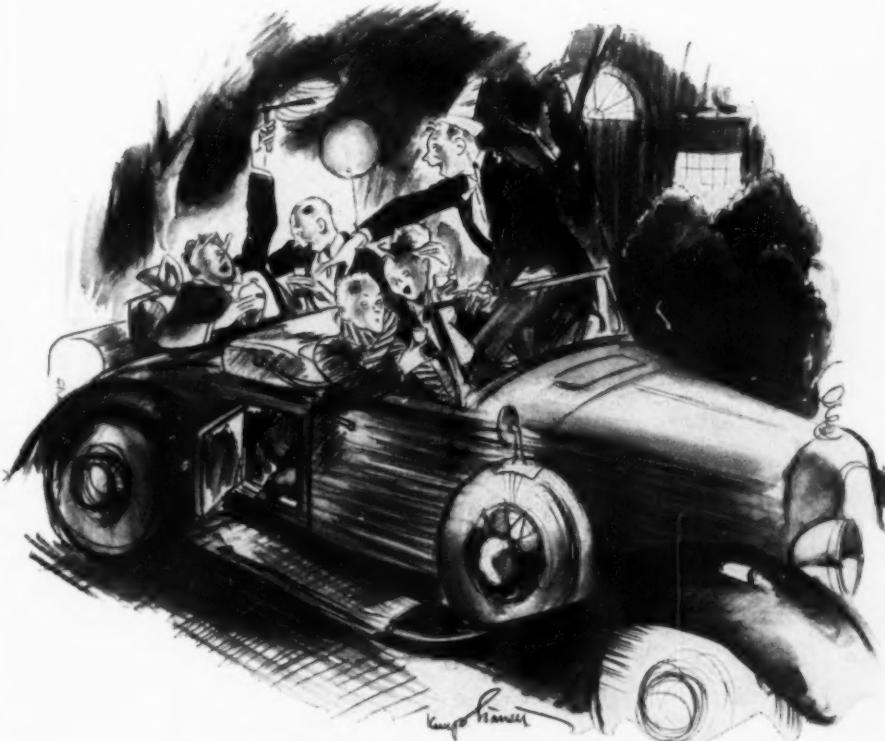
Why the big woman in the back of the car always gets out at the mezzanine floor.

Whether all elevator boys are pretty big shot gamblers or just talk that way.

Whether you should leave the car quickly after your cigarette has burned through the large man's Harris Tweed, or stay and arrange to buy him a new coat.

Whether I could run one of the damn things.

—Newlin B. Wildes.



"Come on, fellas; let's all drive to Bermuda!"

Sonnet from the Silk Department

I STAND behind my counter, tired, footsore,
And think, while snipping Cantons by the yard,
About that woman's face which some old bard
Has said once launched a thousand ships or more . . .
I see that face repeated by the score—
Youth faked, or flaunting double chins, or hard—
Among the milling women who bombard
Me with demands, on sale-days in this store.

It's worn by those expecting scrapes and bows,
The type that yawns through European trips—
(Close-plucked and smugly elevated brows,
High-curving nose and pettishly pursed lips)—
A face I'd like to bash upon the prows
Of not a thousand, but ten thousand ships!

—E. B. Crosswhite.

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

IN the spring a young man's fancy is supposed to turn lightly to thoughts of love. But not this spring, alas. Lambs are gamboling, buds are budding, but the young man's fancy isn't turning lightly. No, suh! Not by a long shot.

For quite a while now I've been noticing a big change coming over the boys. At first I thought it was my liver, but the true cause was brought home to me with a bang the other night when I had a date with Tubby Jones. Tub used to be the type whom a girl could always depend on for an evening of excitement. A date with him was practically certain to end up in the police station. He arrived at 8:30 with a bundle under his arm.

"What've you got there?" I giggled, anticipating a flea circus.

"This," he replied, "is a book. 'Fiat Money Inflation in France.' I'm going to read it aloud to you." Naturally, I thought he was kidding. "Sit down!" he said, looking at me like I was a vile worm. "I'm serious!"

He was. And there you have it. That's the trouble with the boys today. They're serious! And, believe me, when a lad like Tubby starts perusing books, things have come to a pretty pass indeed. I just finished reading a harrowing article by a Junior Leaguer who has also noticed the change in the men. She claims it's all due to Repeal. I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid she's right.

Met Gertie Wilkins downtown this aft and she told me she's getting a divorce. "Well," I remarked, "you would marry a play boy."

"Play boy," she barked bitterly, "my grandmother! Bill hasn't played since December! Says it's no fun now it's legal. I'm divorcing him because he keeps me awake nights writing the great American novel!"

Heavens, can you imagine such a situation! To think that Repeal would do a thing like that! I thought when we got Repeal everybody would be gay and

zippy. And instead the country is sobering up!

All signs point that way. High school boys are painting their flivvers black. College men are wearing conservative business suits. And all the biggest masculine stars in Hollywood came out the other day and agreed that no woman is really attractive until she is thirty, because until then she hasn't got any brains!

The result of this gloomy outlook on the part of the men is that the women are getting serious, too. Gone are the days when you could tell a girl's age by counting the rings under her eyes. Debbies who used to run themselves ragged at teas, dances, etc., are now sitting at home knitting bouclette dresses. If things keep on this way, we'll none of us have any youth. This is the time of year when we should



"But, darling, I know about Relativity; I have dozens of uncles and aunts!"

a drive in the moonlight. They ran into a tree and woke up in the hospital later, both minus their front teeth. Naturally, after that they realized they were made for each other. And you never saw a happier couple.

However, such thrills are a thing of the past. Romance, which used to thrive under the soothing pink glow in the night clubs, has been exposed to the harsh glare of the student lamp. We may as well face the facts: It's Smart to be Serious.

A sweet prospect for those of us who are constitutionally light hearted and headed! It's Spring, and the boys are reading books! Good grief!

Me, I'm looking for an April fool!



"It may be a *Bellis Perennis* to you, boy, but it's still a daisy to me!"

be sowing a bumper crop of wild oats, and here we are with spring on our hands and nary an oat being sown!

AND what will become of Romance? When I think of the exciting romances we used to have during Prohibition! Take the case of Don and Lottie B. They were just two young people without a thought of love until the night they visited five speakeasies in a row and then went for

Bitter Biography

SWAYED by her glib persuasive feats
Her playmates shared their toys and sweets,

Yet never learned that she alone
Shared nothing of her very own.
(She was, in time, a highly paid Campaigner for a Welfare Aid.)

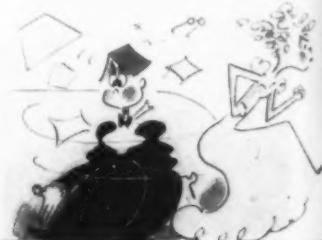
—E. B. Crosswhite.

We haven't heard any spring robins yet on account of our ear muffs.

But it won't be long until detours will be open for summer driving.



The bookworm's girl turns.



Jo a

CONNOISSEUR OF FIRST EDITIONS

who spends his winters in Nice

● Your well-lined library on upper Fifth Avenue invites the envy of every confirmed bibliophile. While your representatives scour the earth for even rarer volumes, you are, yourself, a familiar figure at every book auction of consequence. Between your hobby and your villa at Nice you spend exactly the pleasant, insouciant life so many of us would like to follow. Perhaps you wonder why we want you, in particular, to know about our 1934 Chevrolet.

We have two very trenchant reasons. For one, we believe that, as a connoisseur of rarities, you will be able to appreciate the uniqueness of this car. Its surprising roominess. Its satisfying smoothness. Its utter freedom from disconcerting jolts. The general air of luxury so out of proportion to its price.

For another, we are sure you'll thank us for calling your attention to so convenient and reliable a means of transportation. You can be sure it will never disturb your well-ordered scheme of living by any failures in performance.

We say all this so confidently because we already have the opinions of people whose judgments you will hear with respect. And they concur enthusiastically in the belief that the Chevrolet is the ideal personal car.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CHEVROLET

for 1934



CHEVROLET
MASTER SIX SEDAN



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE





VOL. 101

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2589

\$\$\$ Loose Dollars \$\$\$

WHAT always saddens us beyond relief is the thought that we shall not be around in 2055 to write the history of American post-war life. Surely of all our cock-eyed periods none can compare with that era of flagpole sitters, human flies, marathon dancers, Prohibition and the Washington Gold Rush of 1934.

We speak only from report, not having overcome our native stupidity and inertia to the point of seeing for ourselves, but we have it on good authority that the railroads are doing one of the poorest advertising jobs ever known in not operating special Money-Finding excursions to the national capital. What we mean to say is that never, anywhere, has there been a public trough of such dimensions as the one now being utilized under the shadow of Washington monument.

\$\$\$

There is a story going the rounds about the gentleman who went to Washington with the avowed purpose of returning empty-handed. At the depot he dodged a government official who was endeavoring to hand out application blanks for home mortgage loans. On his way to the hotel the taxi driver tried to interest him in a CWA job. He did his best to do some business with a government department but ended only in flight when they insisted on interesting him in accepting a governmental grant for a bridge in his town which was to span a creek which could be jumped at high water by maidly ladies in sheath skirts. By slinking down corridors and holding his hat over his face when passing suspicious offices, he was able to avoid accepting a bonus for ploughing under his parsnips. He kept away from the PWA, the NRA, and the AAA. He escaped from a lobbyist who wanted to give him 10,000 shares of a stock listed on the market at 30 because he happened to know a man named Ledbetter who was janitor in the Department of Interior building. He fled to the station for the return trip to New York, elated at his success. It was here that a man opened his bag, inserted a

free package of breakfast food and pushed him up the steps of the train.

\$\$\$

Like most such stories, this one is perhaps a trifle exaggerated but it bears about it the semblance of truth. We are spending as no government—outside of war times—has ever spent before. We pretend astonishment but we know what it's all about. It is spending with a purpose, the purpose being to supply the purchasing power the masses must have if the industrial machine is to continue operating. The classical econo-

mists who asserted that depressions were cured when prices of commodities had reached such a low point that sales would be stimulated despite a weakened purchasing power, had very little to say when the banking crisis of 1933 brought their theory to its logical conclusion.

\$\$\$

With practically the entire country on a dole we still pretend that the sturdy independence of good Americans will never stand for governmental charity.

We are making aid available now but in the worst fashion. What we have is a fantastic scattering of money with no efficiency or sense and with illimitable favoritism and harshness. People who need it are not getting it. Those who know the political and governmental ropes are having the grandest time of their life. If we don't get down there next week and ladle out a helping from the public trough it is no one's fault but our own.

—K. S. C.

*The Sower (after Millet)*

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Compare the
price of 7-year
old John Jame-
son with that
of any whiskey
anywhere near
its high quality



Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old !

Seven years is the *minimum* age of John Jameson—not the average age. It's the patient ageing which gives its mellow, golden flavour. That and the fact it is pure, pot still whiskey—unblended and unrectified. The pot still method is the most ex-

pensive, but it is traditional. We used it a hundred and fifty years ago, and we use it now. The John Jameson you buy to-day is exactly the same as you bought before the War. But you must get the **RIGHT** Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON *Pure Old Pot Still* IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established AD 1780
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W.A.TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK

RETURN TO GRACIOUS LIVING

"WELL, if you ask me, what I like best about this Repeal is that we can drink like gentlemen again. You know how it was during Prohibition, George, with everybody pouring down nothing but gin and whiskey, with ginger ale. Don't get me wrong. I like a highball as well as the next one, but what I say is that it isn't—well—gentlemanly, if you know what I mean, to just drink gin and whiskey all the time. Just that and red wine, sometimes. You take in Europe, they don't drink that way. They have a whole raft of wines and things to choose from, and they drink the right thing at the right time. You know, the correct wine with each course at dinner, and that sort of thing. Now, by golly, we can do the same thing! We can get back to—well, you might call it gracious living, if you know what I mean.

"Take me, now. In the old days—I mean, during Prohibition—all I ever had in the house was Scotch and bourbon and some bathtub gin. That's all I ever had to offer my friends. But now! Say, George, I've got one of the swellest little layouts of stuff—wines and spirits, as they say, ha ha!—that you ever saw outside a saloon. Come here and look. What do you think of that, eh? Pretty nifty, what? Say, I've been all over town collecting that stock. Makes me feel like a gentleman just to look at it!

"Come on, let's have a drink or two before dinner. How's this for a classy looking bottle? Imported sauterne, that is. Here, we'll try it. There's a tumbler for you and I'll get another for myself. Here we are! Well, down the hatch, George! What do you think of it, eh? Smooth, isn't it? Say, it's great to be able to get stuff like that again. Here's some claret, too, that you'll like, or I miss my guess. Let me have your glass. There you are. Down the hatch again! Not bad, eh? Gentlemen's drinks, these wines are. The prices are pretty stiff, but they're worth it.

"We get all the Sunday papers now—since we have a puppy in the house."



"Try some of this brandy, George. It's the real stuff! Look at that swell color, will you? Makes your mouth water, doesn't it? Give me your glass, George. There! Down the hatch! What I mean, that's smooth! Want another? Sure, there's plenty. Couldn't get liquor like that in the old days, could we? Say, try this Scotch, George. That's imported stuff, too, none of this blended liquor that they're putting out. Paid five and a quarter for a fifth of that Scotch, I did, but it's worth it. Here, give me your glass. Well, down the hatch, George. Not bad, eh? Say, they don't make better Scotch than that, I'm telling you. Want a chaser? Well, try some of this ale. Boy, it makes one of the best chasers you ever saw! There, how's that? Goes down nice, doesn't it?"



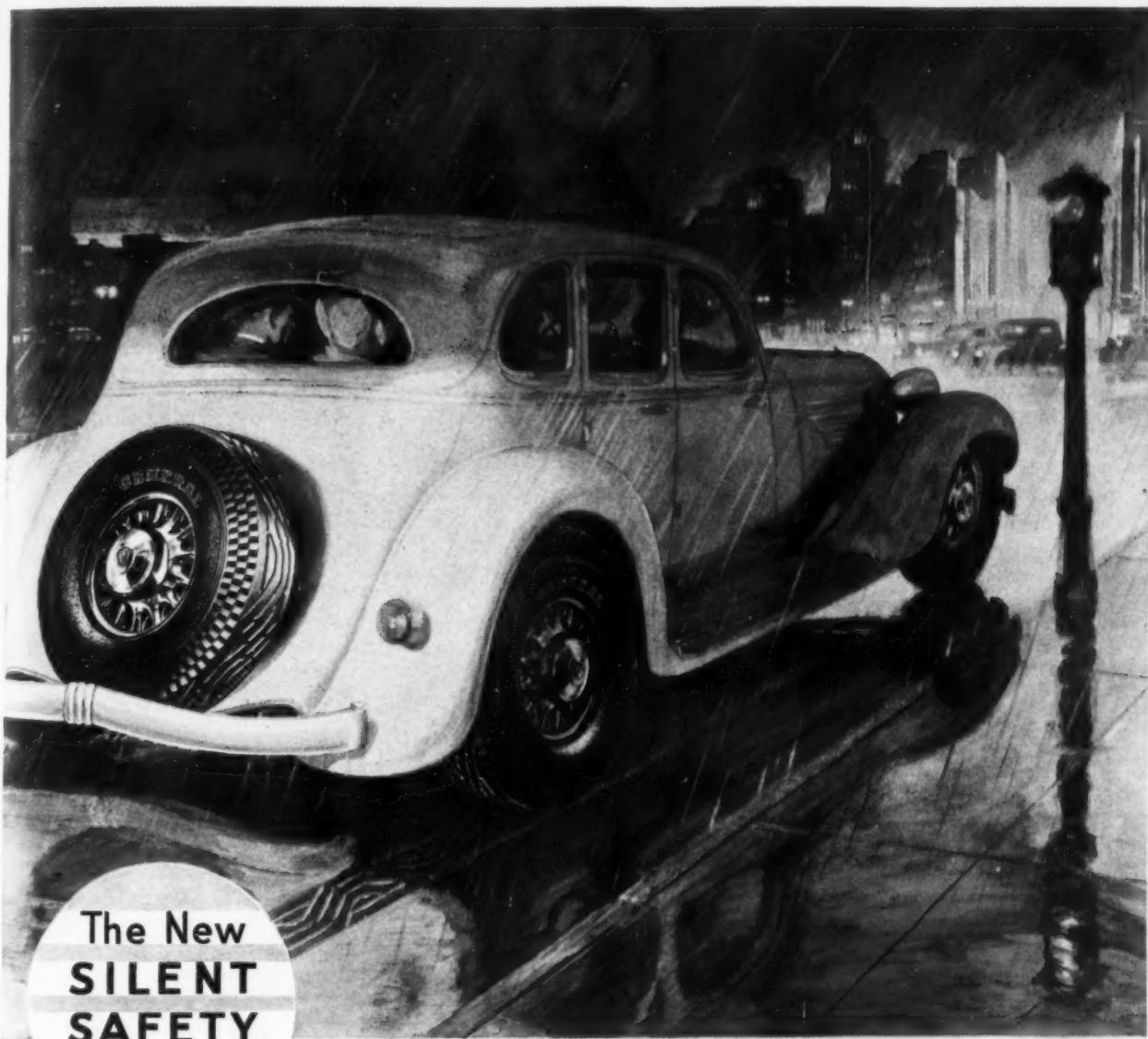
"Oh, say, I want you to try some of this burgundy. If that isn't the swellest burgundy you ever tasted, I'll—what's that, dear? Oh, dinner about ready? Well, we'll only be a minute. Here, George, finish your bur-

gundy and try some of this Holland gin. Smooth, eh? I'll say! And look here, take some of this bacardi. Boy, that's the smoothest bacardi I ever tasted. Am I right, George, or am I right? Ha ha! All right, dear, just a minute. What else we got here, George? Oh, yes, you've got to try some of this port, and here's some sherry, too, and some sauterne—no, we've had that. I guess that's about all. No, wait a minute, here's some chartreuse that you've got to try. And, oh yes, I knew I was missing something. Here's some Irish whiskey and some curacao. Got to hurry on account of dinner being ready, but you must have some.

"There! Well, George, have I got a cellar or not? Wasn't fooling you, was I? No sir, as I was saying, now I and my friends can drink like gentlemen. That's what I like about Repeal. We can get back to gracious living. When my friends come here, I can offer them the proper stuff at the proper time. . . . Why, George, don't you feel well?"

—John C. Emery.

We understand that druggists are so busy handling liquor that they're thinking about giving up their sandwich business.



The New
SILENT
SAFETY
Tread

Design for Living

GENERAL'S SILENT SAFETY TREAD ADDS THE FINAL
FACTOR OF SECURITY TO THE BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE

General's new silent safety tread is literally a design for living—eliminating the risk of dangerous skids by providing greater non-skid action in all directions—forward as well as sidewise. General has not only eliminated noise but has greatly increased General's already famous big mileage with the new longer wearing non-skid tread. The patented low pressure construction provides lux-

urious comfort on 30 to 40% less air than other standard balloon tires. There is no explosive strain inside the tire to cause a blowout. The new Blowout-Proof Tire is not only a safer tire but its outstanding beauty adds to the smartness of any car. See the General Tire dealer about the change-over plan for your new car or present car. . . . The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The New **GENERAL** Qua-BALLOON
THE BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF., Y. M. 280,755



THE FACTS OF LIFE

Or, How Should I Tell My Child?

By Dr. Seuss

Part III

Chapter IV

TONIGHT was the last of our Nature Walk Talks. Nightly for eight instructive weeks little Quackenbush had been, so to speak, like a bicycle tire which I had been filling with puncture-proofing (*sane sex enlightenment*). One more treatment and this tire could safely withstand the buffets of the rough roads of Adolescence with never a fear of a blowout.

We were seated, somewhat uncomfortably, twenty feet above Carl Schurz Park upon the limb of an oak tree. It had not been my original intention to hold this final sex lecture in an oak tree, but as it was the last one, I had yielded to Quackenbush's whim. Young spring moonbeams filtered lambently through the leafy verdure and the air was brisk with the compelling scent of buttered popcorn.

"Quackenbush, old man," I opened up. "We have already covered the main bulk of sex. But there must be in your mind one or two questions. Ask me anything, and I'll clear it up."

"What's in that bundle, then?" he demanded, quick as a flash. All evening long he had been eyeing the mysterious package I carried under my arm.

I winked. "That's a surprise . . . for later. Come, now, a real question. Something puzzling you about, say . . . ladies?"

"Not a thing."

"About . . . uh . . . gentlemen?"

"I guess not."

"Well, then, perhaps something about ladies and gentlemen?"

Quackenbush suddenly brightened. "I know a question," he said. "About the tree that falls in the forest. If there's nobody there to hear it, is there any noise anyhow?"

"Tree noises, Quackenbush," I answered quietly, "have no significance sexually."

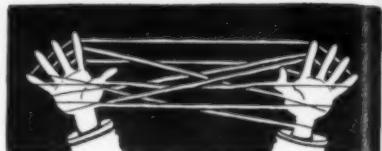
Quackenbush looked crestfallen.

"Some kinds of noises," I reassured him, "are pretty sexy. I could tell you, for instance, something about mating calls."

"Try and make it funny," said Quackenbush.

"Unfortunately," I shook my head, "the particular mating call I have in mind falls on the side of tragedy."

"I want you to think about the place you spent last summer . . . the cottage at the sea shore. Remember the fun . . . the swimming, the boating and the marshmallow toasts? That gay sandy beach to you was a symbol of carefree



A Note on Maternity

The most obvious manifestation of Maternity is Cradles, so probably the best way to explain cradles is by recourse to that glorious old game, The Cradle of the Cat. Above, Cat's Cradle, position A.

joy. And yet, scarcely a foot beneath the surface of that sand, there lay stark tragedy."

"Go on with you, uncle," laughed Quackenbush, slapping an oak leaf dismally.

"Really," I insisted. "I refer to the tragedy of the poor razor back clams. Did you know that in the razor back clam world, old man, sex is apportioned rather unfairly? There is only one male (or papa) razor back clam to every fifteen of the mama variety."

"What of it?" sniffed Quackenbush. "When I was in kindergarten, there was only me and Freddy Napier as against seventeen of the mama variety, not counting Miss Schneeloch, the teacher."

"But your responsibilities were not similar," I said. "None of those seventeen little girls had mating calls."

"Miss Schneeloch was pretty good at imitating an owl."

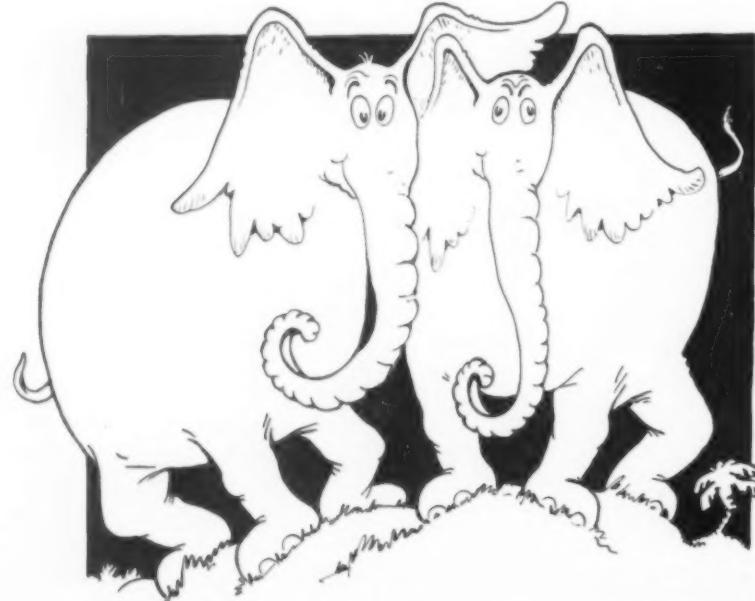
"That wouldn't be a mating call," I corrected. "Now, if Miss Schneeloch imitated a Miss Schneeloch. . . ."

I LOOKED down suddenly to catch Quackenbush slipping the string off my bundle. I slapped his fingers smartly.

"I told you, the surprise comes later. The first thing you know you'll knock it out of the tree. Come on now . . . back to the clams and their mating calls."

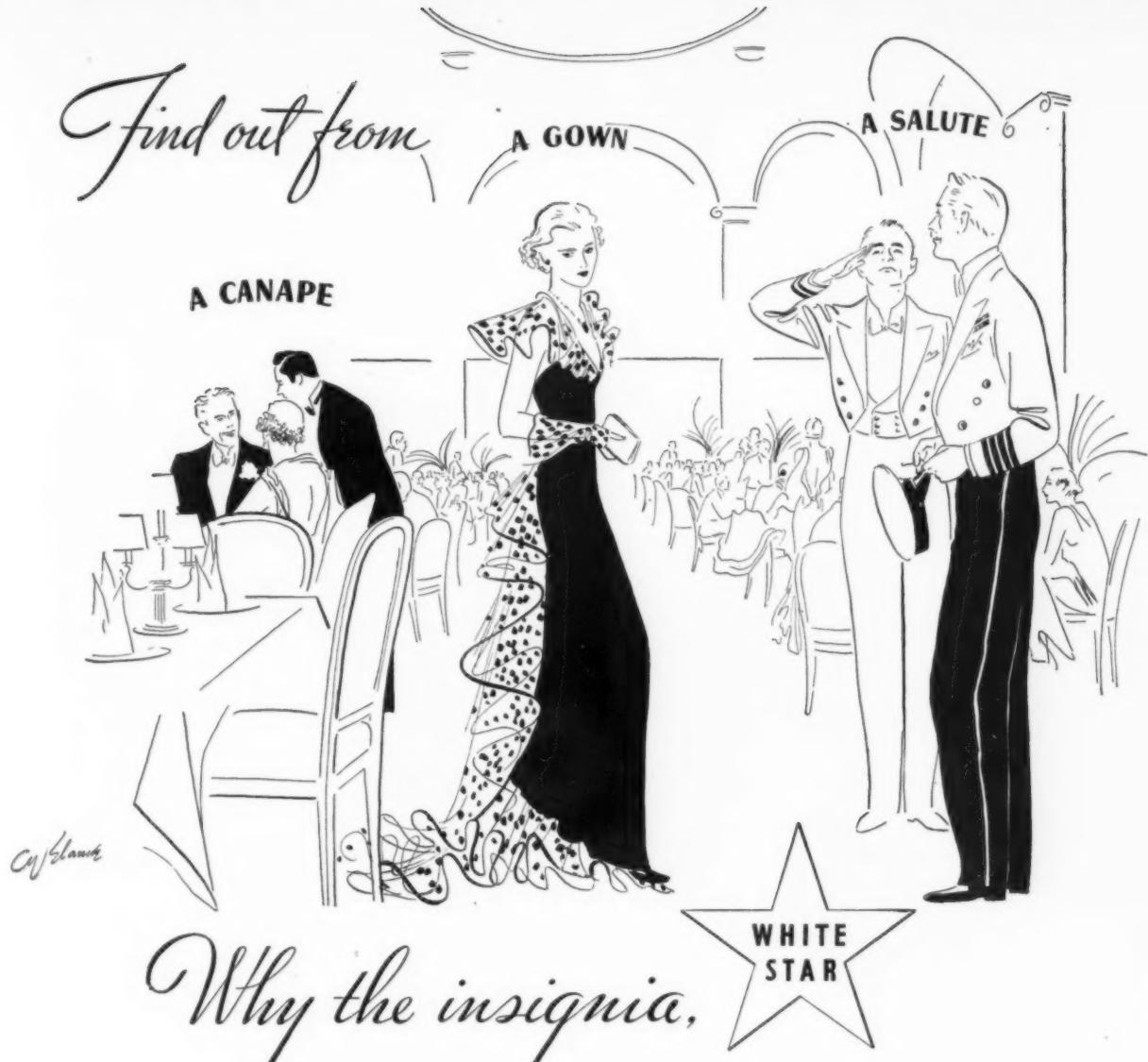
"A mating call works somewhat on the same principle as a locomotive whistle. Only male clams have mating calls as only the engines have whistles. Now, the razor back clam is like a locomotive. Only instead of steaming along on tracks, he sits quietly in the mud in front of your cottage. In the old days the male clam led an ideal existence. All day long he would sit in the sand, half dozing and lolling. Finally, along about nine in the evening, he would begin to smile. 'What else is there a clam can do besides dozing and lolling?' he would ask himself. And then he would remember his mating call."

(Continued on page 28)



The Law of Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics

In 1910, a cross-eyed elephant was married to a wall-eyed elephant to prove that their children's eyes would be straight. Unfortunately, the couple died without issue.



MEANS SO MUCH

LEARN the thrilling secret that leads experienced travelers to sail White Star over and over and over again! You'll catch a clue in a diplomat's conversation in the lounge; see it written in the quiet efficiency of White Star stewards; recognize in the perfection of your cabin appointments the reasons why a White Star ticket means so much to those who are quietly confident of obtaining the best. If you asked them, they'd simply tell you it's the thing to do. For sailings to Ireland, England and France, see your local agent. His services are free.

S.S. MAJESTIC...Apr. 13–May 4
(World's largest ship)

S.S. OLYMPIC...Apr. 27–May 18

England's largest Cabin liners

M.V. BRITANNIC...Apr. 6–May 5

M.V. GEORGIC...Apr. 20–May 19

**WHITE STAR
LINE**



INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY, NO. 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • AGENTS EVERYWHERE



EST'D 1832
G & W

THREE STAR WHISKEY

A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT BOURBON AND
PURE GRAIN WHISKEY

Alcohol Strength 45% by Volume - 90 Proof

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.



G & W

FIVE STAR WHISKEY
A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT RYE AND
PURE GRAIN WHISKEY

Alcohol Strength 45% by Volume - 90 Proof

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.



Judgement



EST'D 1832
G & W

THREE STAR WHISKEY

A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT RYE AND
PURE GRAIN WHISKEY

Alcohol Strength 45%

BLENDED AND
Gooderham &
Detroit, Mich.



G & W

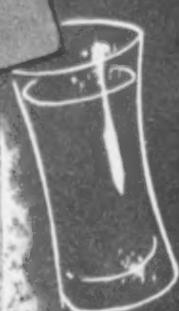
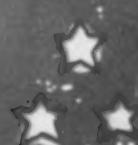
TWO STAR WHISKEY

A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT BOURBON AND
PURE GRAIN WHISKEY

Alcohol Strength 45% by Volume - 90 Proof

BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY

Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.



EST'D 1832
G & W

G & W

TWO STAR WHISKEY

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PURE GRAIN WHISKEY

Alcohol Strength 45% by Volume - 90 Proof

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Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.



gour Whiskey by the Stars



G & W

FIVE STAR

G & W

THREE STAR

G & W

TWO STAR



All Canada will tell you that the G & W name is all the surety you need as to the quality and palatability of fine whiskies . . . the stars simply indicate those delicate distinctions in blending required by the same distinctions in taste . . . but all are members of the same family . . . and all derive their flavor and smoothness from bonded G & W Whiskies aged over four years under the supervision of the Canadian Government while America was waiting for Repeal. Most good dealers have these quality whiskies at popular prices . . . or can get them for you quickly . . . if you ask for them.



Gooderham & Worts Limited

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

THE FACTS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 24)

"His pulse would quicken . . . pounding like drums in his swooning little ears. Giddy with desire, the flushed little clam would protrude his head from his shell. His lips would tremble as they touched the soft sand, and the waters lapped seductively about his gills. Every fibre of his sleek body would get behind his lungs and push . . . and . . ."

"I know!" shouted Quackenbush, and he hooted shrilly like a steam locomotive.

"That's the general idea," I smiled. "But he really goes like this. . . ." Bending down close to his ear, I breathed, hardly audibly, "OOOOOGie! OOOOOOOOGie!"

"Gosh!" gasped Quackenbush. "What that mustn't do to a mama kind of a clam!"

"Exactly," I said. "The moment they hear this, they drop whatever they're doing like a hot cake and burrow through the mud, post haste in his direction."

"And there are fifteen to his one," gulped Quackenbush. "Say, I thought you said this story was tragic?"

"And so it is," I shook my head. "I have been describing the *ideal* clam's life as it *used to be*. But today, if you were to dig one up, you'd find him with



Sex Laws Are Illogical

The Patagonian Hepatica (magnified 800 times) can become a father at the age of three minutes.

deep mournful circles etched under his eyes. Why? His life has been ruined by the ruthless march of modern science; specifically, by the radio! You, Quackenbush, you are to blame along with the other summer cottagers. You rise, say, at eight, and the first thing you do is turn on the radio."

"That's right," confessed Quackenbush, looking guilty.

"Remember . . . at 8 A.M. the poor old clam is still fast asleep . . . and well deserves to be. It's scarcely an hour since his visitors left him. Now, let me ask you, what piece of music, nine times out of ten, is sure to come over the air?"



His cousin, the Chilean Hepatica, is forced to wait all of 63 years.

"Why . . . *The Last Roundup* . . . naturally." Quackenbush stiffened like a ramrod. "Heavens, Uncle! . . . *Get along little Dogie!* . . . DOGIE . . . OOOOOOOOGie. . . . Practically the razor back clam's mating call!"

Quackenbush whipped out a scrap of paper and did some frantic arithmetic. "Lord!" he blushed. "I play that piece perhaps eighty-seven times a day. . . . Eighty-seven mating calls times fifteen mama clams . . . phew! . . . 1,305!"

I REGARDED little Quackenbush's features closely. A new born sophistication glowed from his eyes. He knew ALL. The nature walks were at an end.

"Here, old man," I said simply, handing him my bundle. "Take this . . . you have earned it."

With scarcely a trace of his former boyishness, Quackenbush undid the knot, gravely and calmly. The last wrapping fell off and fluttered to the ground. Quackenbush gaped . . . stunned by the significance of what he held.

It was the *summum bonum* of the Baker's Art. A shining Taj Mahal of shimmering frosting vibrated in his grasp. Across the top, deftly inscribed in strawberry icing, read the legend. "The Little Quackenbush Goodby Boy hood, Hello Adolescence Memorial Layer Cake!"

"Let's go home and cut a hunk!" he whispered in a voice strangely awed. And he slid down the tree trunk.

As I slid down after him, I smiled quietly. I was thinking of the real surprise that awaited him when he cut it. For the interior of the cake was hollow. In an ingenious little cache within nestled Quackenbush's First Long Trousers . . . suspenders and all.

The End



"After all, one can't have everything."

NEW Airflow CHRYSLER

Alive with THE SPIRIT OF TOMORROW

DRIVING the car of tomorrow puts you ahead of the vogue.

One look at the Airflow* Chrysler and you know its functional beauty sets the pace for the design of the future.

One ride in the Airflow Chrysler . . . and you'll recognize that its a new form of travel . . . ten years ahead.

Ruts and bumps disappear from the road. You ride in complete relaxation at any speed.

That's because of scientific weight distribution and a new nerve-soothing rate of spring

action . . . because you ride at the center of balance.

The Airflow Chrysler is for the modern minded . . . the folk who want to travel fast in complete comfort and safety . . . who demand spacious roominess and the smartness of the newest penthouse apartment.

Enjoy the thrill of a lifetime . . . see and drive an Airflow Chrysler.

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12199 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.



Four Distinguished 1934 Models Chrysler Airflow Eight . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-pass. Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-pass. Coupe. All body types, \$1245. Chrysler Airflow Imperial . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-pass. Sedan and Town Sedan, five-pass. Coupe. All body types, \$1495. Airflow Custom Imperial . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request. 1934 Chrysler Six . . . With independently sprung front wheels . . . for a leveled, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117-inch and 121-inch wheelbase. Priced from \$725 up. Four-door Sedan, \$795. All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit. *Name Copyrighted 1933—Chrysler Corporation.



The Guy from Mars



THE BEST APÉRITIF
IS FRESH AIR



THE NEXT BEST IS
MARTINI and ROSSI
VERMOUTH



At the left are shown the two great appetite-builders of the world. In the background, exercise in the fresh air; in the glasses, Mixed Vermouths. Either sends you to your meal with an eager palate. And the two together make cook put her shoulder to the wheel.

They've been about, the people in the foreground, because a Mixed Vermouth is the chic, continental before-dinner drink. It has a delicate bitter-sweet quality which is subtly delightful. Perhaps, like oysters, vermouth is an acquired taste—we've forgotten. But people who like it insist that a Mixed Vermouth makes sherry seem a trifle obvious. And we've been hearing more and more in the last month or two—

"Make Mine a Mixed Vermouth"

It is usually made of half Dry and half Italian Vermouth—and served in any one of the three glasses shown above. Be sure it's Martini & Rossi Vermouth, however—for vermouths differ like everything else. Martini & Rossi is the standard all over the world—has been for generations.

If you want to know how to make the other classics—Vermouth Highball, Vermouth Cassis, etc., write for free booklet, *Six Civilized Cocktails—Six Simple Canapes*, to W. A. Taylor & Co., N. Y.

NOTE: Some people think that dry vermouth is made *only* in France. You can find out yourself this is not true. Buy a bottle of Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth (Green Label) and compare it with the French Vermouth you are now using.

Imported and Guaranteed by
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

**MARTINI
AND ROSSI**

VERMOUTH

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



If This Be Propaganda—

UN L I K E Will Rogers, I don't even know what I read in the papers. If I happen to miss the first installment of a murder or a revolution, I'm lost. I'm weeks behind, right now, with my kidnappings.

So I have only vague ideas as to the issues in the Scottsboro case. Oh, I know that Heywood Broun has boiled over about it a few times, but that's the trouble with being a perpetual boiler-over; eventually people just say "Heywood Broun is boiling over again". To be most effective as a protester and reformer, one should be a radio crooner or a manufacturer or something all his life, and then come out suddenly with just one big social or economic boil-over.

They Shall Not Die

THREE are those who say slightly of this play or that, that it is propaganda. I see no condemnation in that, unless the propaganda has gotten so thoroughly into the playwright's hair that it has caused him to write a bum show. But if propaganda sets a playwright aflame and helps him to write a good play, as it has in the case of John Wexley's *They Shall Not Die* (which has to do with the Scottsboro case), then propaganda definitely has its place in the theatre. If strawberry rash or hay fever would produce good plays, they would definitely have their place in the theatre.

They Shall Not Die has more impact than almost any other show I have ever seen. It moves into the night with the power of an armored tank. It is, as they say in Hollywood, terrific. And Mr. Wexley and the Theatre Guild have not forgotten that they are, first of all, showmen—that you have paid your dough for diversion, and not for a message.

You get the message, and get it whether you want it or not. If you are dumb on the Scottsboro case, as I was, you wake up and wonder if this is really a true picture of it. (And I hear that it is, and if it is, I'm pretty sore about it.) At any rate, you come through with an intensified interest in and hate of human injustice in general. You'll burn up a little more easily

from then on. You'll be more like Heywood Broun, and I think we should all be a little more like Heywood Broun, don't you? But primarily, you will have had a gripping, though sometimes entirely too painful, evening in the theatre. Your awe and admiration for actors will be renewed. (They can be so awful and so wonderful!) (In this, Claude Rains, Ben Smith, Ruth Gordon, Linda Watkins, Dean Jagger, L. J. Latzer, Fred Miller, Thurston Hall and a dozen others are wonderful.) You will thank God for the courageous and usually intelligent Theatre Guild and its Mr. Moeller. You will say again that the drama at its best makes all other kinds of writing seem namby-pamby.

(I agree that *They Shall Not Die*

*Heywood Brown is
all steamed up again*



seems a little bit hard to believe at times in the first act, but how it does pick up from then on, especially with the arrival of Claude Rains!)

Queer People

I GET more shocks, just sitting home and waiting for Hildegarde (age 8) to bring home new words from school, than I did from

Queer People, which was supposed to be a very shocking revelation of wild life in Hollywood, and that's probably why *Queer People* had such a brief run on Broadway.

Dodsworth

MA YBE I had just the slightest chip on my shoulder when I went to see Walter Huston in Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth*.

A few days previous, I had seen in a New York bookstore window a display of Mr. Lewis' voluminous preparatory notes and preliminary drafts and revisions behind a page of his *Work of Art*—the suggestion being that because Mr. Lewis had done all this hard work it must of necessity follow that his book is a good book. I resented this Babbittian inference with a snort. I might as well argue that because I remake each of my drawings ten times and chin myself on a horizontal bar preceding each remake, my drawings are of necessity good drawings. And I had an impulse to rent a competing window across the street and stage an exhibit showing, with displays of cups of strong coffee and alarm clocks and similar goads, how much work it was for me to read *Work of Art*. The consumer should sometimes be allowed to fire back.

But I don't think it was this chip which caused me to feel that without Walter Huston, *Dodsworth* would be a rather dull show. The play breathed when he was on stage, but even that could not keep me from thinking that Mr. Howard had documented the novel into a play rather than dramatized it. Documented it honestly and intelligently, but without any great inspirational impetus. Maybe Mr. Lewis' efficiency-engineered straight production-line methods don't result in novels which result in great plays.

(Continued on page 48)



*Join the parade
to Quality*

WITH

ETHYL

(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND

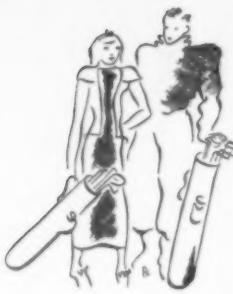
**ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION**



We are marching back to Quality—in gasoline as in everything else. Join the parade. The anti-knock rating of Ethyl is the world's highest, yet its price is now only 2¢ a gallon over regular. Less, on the average, than a dollar a month to make the most of your car investment! **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL**

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

THE COLLEGE PARADE



DO you remember, dad, that story you told me about your being expelled from college?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, I'm telling it to you now."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

Professor: Boys, are you passing notes back there?

Rear of Room: These aren't notes, they're dollar bills; we're shooting craps.

—*The Brown Jug.*

One Siamese Twin to Another: You must have had a swell time last night. I look like a wreck today.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

"What will it cost me to have my car fixed?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"I don't know."

"Fifty-two dollars and fifty cents."

—*Yale Record.*

She: I'm hungry.

He: What?

She: I said I was hungry.

He: Sure, I'll take you home; this car makes so much noise that I thought you said you were hungry.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Sure; what do you do with them?"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

The modern wall-flower is the girl who dances all the time.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

FOG

(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)

The fog comes
on little cat feet—
about the time
of Examinations—
It sits looking—
over desk and chair—
on silent haunches;
Then moves on.—
And sometimes it stays.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Faculty Minds at Work

BUSINESS cycles have been attributed by some to the movements of Venus—I mean the planet."—D. D. Humphrey, Economics Dept., Williams College.

"Anything smaller than a golf ball is beyond the imagination of many professors."—Prof. James W. Buchanan, Zoology Dept., Northwestern University.

"I wish I were a 'cello."—Prof. E. B. Greene, Music Dept., Wellesley College.

"I'm not even sure that two plus two will equal four tomorrow morning."—Prof. Fredrick Schuman, Political Science, University of Chicago.

"According to our grand parents, marriages were made in heaven, but as far as we're concerned they're made at house parties."—Prof. Edward Sanders, Dept. of Education, Colgate University.

Attention Undergraduates!

LIFE will pay \$2 each for "Faculty Minds at Work" items. Don't fall asleep in your classes; keep your ears pinned back for statements from your profs and send them to Dept. CP, LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, giving name of instructor, course, and college.



"I don't like his holier-than-thou attitude."

—*Missouri Showme.*

HA! I'm on the alkaline side

There's a right end and a wrong end to this whole question of drink-mixing. Wise drinkers steer clear of those heavy, sweetish drinks and hold to the alkaline side. White Rock is absolutely "dry." Has no sweetness at all. It is mildly alkaline and tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with. It thinks of tomorrow.





AT THE close of the day, at the end of the week, at the turn of the year, when your mind ranges back to sum it up, what counts for most?

Is it not the people you spoke to and what they said to you? The ideas born in conversation, the greetings and farewells—these and a thousand other vocal expressions make up the story of our lives.

With no more effort than the calling of a number or the turning of a dial, you can speak to almost anyone, anywhere. No one is far away when you can say—"I'll call you up."

Is this somebody's birthday? Is someone in another town being married or celebrating an anniversary? The sound of your voice and your good wishes will brighten the day. The rates are low. You can make a daytime station-to-station call to most places 75 miles away for about 50¢. During the evening and night periods many rates are 15% to 40% lower than in the daytime.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



QUEERESONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams



EAR Prof: Has any one ever received from a weighing machine a fortune-telling card with something uncomplimentary printed on it?—Hermes H. Rubin, 336 Central Park West, New York City.

Dear Hermes: Yes. In Chicago a few years ago, two competing penny scales manufacturers (The Easy Weigh and the Fair Weigh Companies) engaged in a price war that nearly ruined the industry. The first step was taken by the Easy Weigh Co. which put signs on all their machines informing the public that they would accept shirt buttons instead of pennies. The Fair Weigh Co. countered by bribing local laundries to exercise unusual care in removing all available shirt buttons, and in addition they equipped their machines with signs to the effect that all pennies dropped into Fair Weigh scales would be found immediately in the Coin Return boxes. The Easy Weigh Co. then stealthily removed from all Fair Weigh machines the fortune cards ("You have an even disposition and will go far in the business world"), substituting bogus fortunes for same. Samples: "Why don't you lay off the calories, you young hippo?", and "You'll never get to first base with a mug like that."

Shortly afterwards the public boycotted these scales, and it wasn't until Chicago became flooded with Guess-

Your-Weight-or-No-Pay experts that the Easy and Fair Weigh Companies merged, agreed on a set of three flattering fortune cards, and regulated all machines so the weighee would have to spend at least four cents to strike a mean average of his poundage.

• • •
Dear Prof: Has a taxi meter ever been known not to click up an extra nickel just as the cab stopped at your destination?—N. J. Shirley, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear N. J.: No. It is said that most meters are equipped with devices that cause them to clunk up another nickel when the driver stops suddenly, making it necessary for the passenger (who has the correct change in his hand) to fish around in his pocket for the extra coin. Most passengers never locate this nickel and are forced to tender the driver a five dollar bill for which, of course, he never has any change.

A man named James A. Fry of Tacoma, Wash., has solved the extra clunk problem by employing the following plan. When the cab is within a hundred yards of its destination Mr. Fry suddenly shouts "Stop, driver! Stop right here!", at which the driver slows down, turns around, and says "Huh?" By the time Mr. Fry has repeated his request the cab has slowly rolled to a stop in front of the door.

(Continued on page 42)



You can't afford a dull head in business, today



If you've been up late the night before, don't start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head . . . tired out and washed up . . . clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable*. Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve head-

ache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course, consult your physician.



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



SO THAT YOU MAY KNOW



Henceforth
when you are buying wines and liquors look for this

Mark of Merit

on the neck of the bottle. It is the Guarantee of

The house of
Schenley

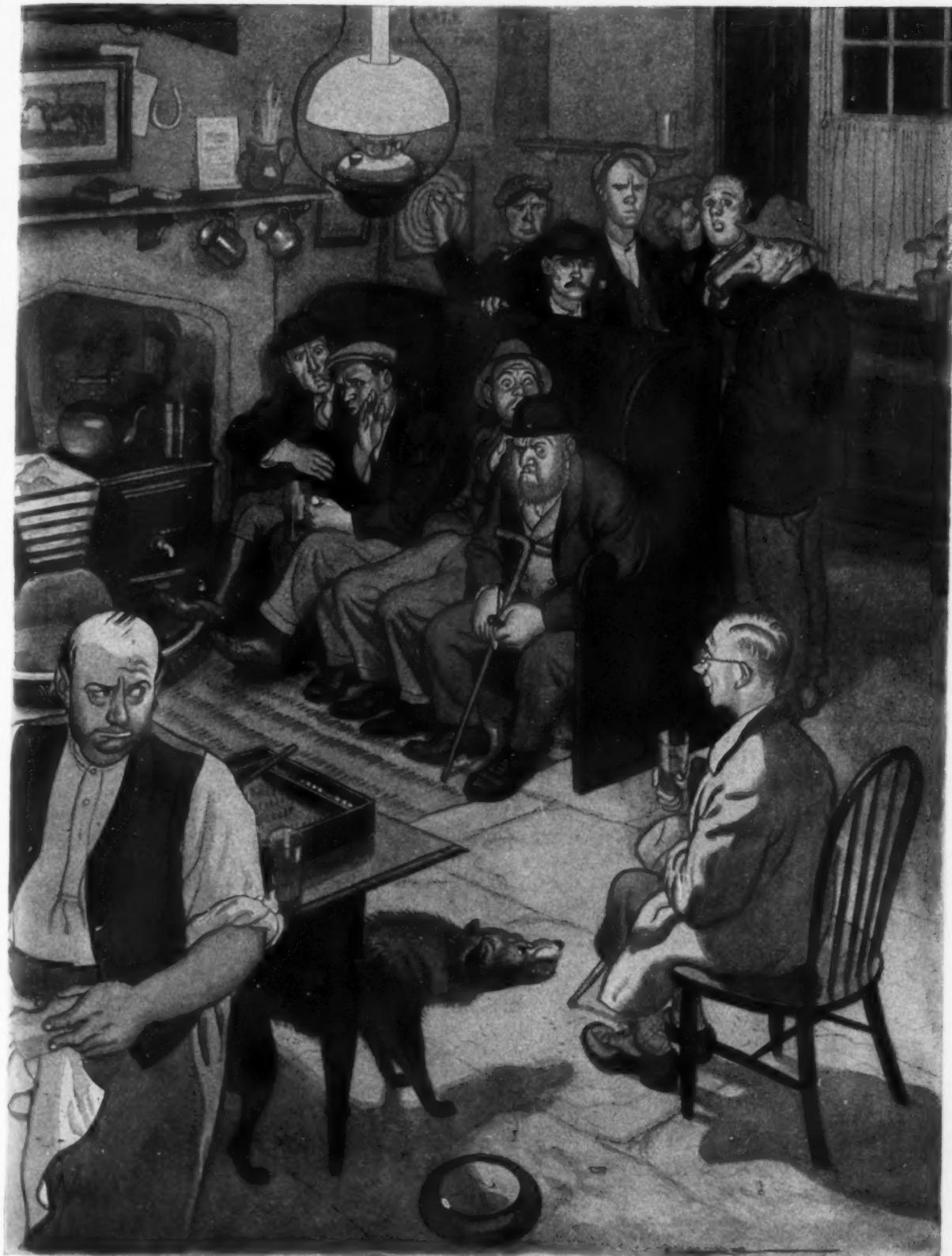
NOTE
The Mark of Merit will make its
appearance on or about April 20th.

THE SCHENLEY MARK OF MERIT. YOUR UNFAILING GUIDE



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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARY



THE STRANGER.

AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOUR SPENDS A CONVIVIAL EVENING ROYSTERING WITH THE PEASANTS
AT THE LOCAL INN.

—PUNCH, London (by special permission)



SITTIN' PRETTY

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**CHESAPEAKE
and OHIO**

THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans

Catharine of Russia

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., who has been popping over to London for a fort-night and popping

back again, found time between pops to run up a little number called, *Catherine of Russia*. As this was young Doug's first effort under British influence, his critics (and I don't mean just movie critics) were waiting to take him and his vehicle for a ride.

"So, smarty!" they were all set to yip, "Hollywood wasn't good enough for you, eh? Well, that'll learn you!"

But those who went to spit spleen were disappointed. It's a good picture, and Doug puts out a right fancy mess of acting. He plays the rôle of Grand Duke Peter who, as you may remember from your Russian history, was a bit out of whack between the ears. He got sore as a pup when he could not have his own way, went into tantrums at the least show of opposition, and was a hog for political power. In the good old days they called these birds lunatics. Today they call 'em dictators.

In addition to acting crazy, which takes plenty of sense, Doug has to spout long frilly speeches and wear short satin pants . . . and, believe me, if there is anything that makes a sucker out of most actors it is satin pants. They are what is known as the meat-and-flower test. If there is a trace of ham or pansy in an actor, satin pants bring it out. Doug wears them with only an occasional strut and no sign of a swish.

What is, however, perhaps even more significant than Doug's performance in this film is the American début of Elizabeth Bergner, who is considered one of the finest actresses Europe has produced in the past fifty years. Some of my friends who had seen Miss Bergner on the German stage told me to be prepared for a treat when she appeared in the movies, and her characterization of Catherine justifies the prediction. But my enthusiasm may not be shared by American movie patrons generally, because although Miss Bergner is broken out with talent, she is neither beautiful nor glamorous, and American audiences have not been accustomed to stars who lack these qualities. On the stage, yes, but not in the movies.

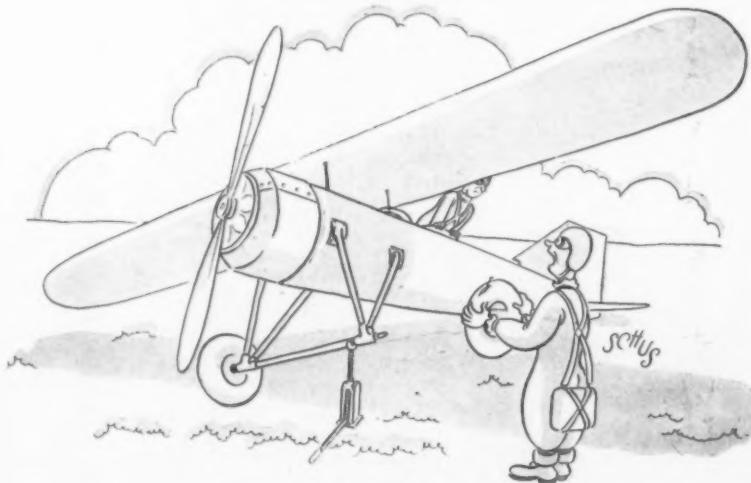
There is a possibility that Miss Bergner will be making films in Hollywood by the time you read this. If so, we'll soon know what's what.

Catherine of Russia was produced by Alexander Korda, the man who made *Henry VIII*. If you like costume films I believe you will enjoy it. Park Junior with the neighbors.

Death Takes a Holiday

ONE of the real film surprises of the year is *Death Takes a Holiday*. When Paramount bought the screen rights to the play, a lot of people in the trade (including the writer) thought they had picked a prize turkey. It was a natural conclusion. Take the fantastic story, for instance:

Death wonders why all men fear him, so he takes three days off, and assumes the appearance of a mortal,



"We must have picked this up over Detroit!"

and visits some folks in Italy. While he is off duty, no one in the world can die, so the newspapers are filled with accounts of miraculous escapes from death. Men fall out of windows, cars turn over, airplanes crash—but the people just bounce around and come up smiling.

In the meantime old Joe Death is being bored stiff with the members of his house party until a certain gal comes along. And there's your plot. He falls in love, and realizes, for the first time, why people do not want to die. "It is romance," says he, "that makes them cling to life." This is, to put it mildly, a lot of hooey. Now, far be it from me to belittle sex, my friends. Sex is O.K. But you walk up to the next dozen or so dying people you see and say, "Listen, buddy. Before you go how's to tell me what you are going to miss most?"

What do you suppose they would say? Old Joe Death not only contends that love is what makes men want to live, but even goes so far as to intimate that maybe the old monkey business goes on in the next world! (James, my revolver and my pajamas.)

Despite all this far-fetched, fantastical stuff, *Death Takes a Holiday* is a picture you should see. Fredric March, who plays the title rôle, is simply swell. He's worth the price of admission by himself. (It was right after Freddie finished this job that 20th Century Pictures signed him to that million-dollar contract. No wonder.) And excellent support by a swell cast.

It Happened One Night

ANOTHER one you will enjoy is *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. Simple story about a girl who runs away from a rich papa and finds love—in a bus. But don't be alarmed. It is not another of those coast-to-coast bus hook-ups you have been seeing. Frank Capra's direction, plus light, deft performances by the stars, and a fine characterization by Walter Connolly put the show over. And the way Claudette and Clark enjoy their work would indicate that they are doing something they've been wanting to do for some time, or do I make myself clear? I mean that they have probably been thinking that if they could get together—that is—Oh, the hell with it. No matter what a person says nowadays, someone is bound to give it the wrong meaning.

(For further notes turn back to "Stop & Go" Service, page 6)

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 36)

and the driver finds himself cheated out of the last clunk. Mr. Fry reports that this subterfuge has so confused some drivers that they've been known to say "Thank you" when tipped.

• • •
Dear Prof: Is there any way of removing the cork from a bottle without pushing it in or breaking the neck off the bottle?—Robert W. D'Ambry, 1334 N. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Bob: There are several common methods, none of them any good. The most universal is to use a corkscrew, so called because it's screwed into the cork and yanked right out again, which leaves a hole in the center of the cork and sprinkles particles all over the caviar canapés. Another method is to pry around the edges with a pocket knife until the bottle neck becomes chipped and the knife blade breaks off at the hilt.

The only sure way to remove a cork intact is to drill a hole in the bottom of the bottle and push the cork out from the inside by means of a small ramrod. How this is to be done without spilling out the contents of the bottle (Scotch) has not as yet been learned.

• • •
Dear Prof: Did any business man ever find anything he wanted in his secretary's desk, after she had gone home for the day?—Leslie C. Lounsbury, 605 E. 14th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Leslie: If we assume that a man looks through his secretary's desk to find the carbon copy of an important letter, or anything useful, it is safe to answer your question in the negative. Three investigators, under the direct supervision of this department, spent several months last year surveying the contents of more than a thousand secretarial desks and their report proves that the average secretary's desk is even more of a rat's nest than that of her boss. Average contents seem to include a shorthand notebook, five broken pencils, two compacts, a bottle of nail polish, three stamps with no glue on them, a half empty (or half filled) box of cough drops, several hair pins, an empty cigarette package, a half finished letter to a man named Bill, and four letters from a man named Jim.

The only object in this mess that would be of any use to a business man would be one of the cough drops, in

the event that his secretary returned unexpectedly and found him snooping around.

• • •
SEVERAL thousand questions are received each month and it is inevitable that many duplications will occur. For the information of Queerrespondents, therefore, the following are a few of the questions whose frequency of arrival induce in the Professor severe neck pains and symptoms of acute jitters:

1. Why does the telephone or doorbell ring when you're in the bathtub?
2. Has anyone ever taken the trouble to draw "a reasonably exact facsimile" in any radio contest?
3. Is any movie produced that isn't "stupendous," "colossal," and "dynamic?"
4. Do radio announcers buy and use the products they advertise?
5. Has any one ever folded a map or dress pattern back in its original folds?
6. Do you really pay \$5 for these questions? (Please, for gosh sake, lay off that one!)

• • •
The campaign for the abolition of P.I.N.S. (Pins In New Shirts) is progressing nicely, and announcement of awards (\$5 each) for slogans to abolish pins, or plans for wrapping shirts without the use of pins, will start next month. In the meantime, Do Your Part. Write the Professor today and demand a New Deal from the shirt manufacturers!

• • •
THIS department will pay \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. None will be returned.





Always ask to see the bottle and look for this emblem. It signifies that the whiskey on which it appears has its quality and purity safeguarded from the distillery to you by one watchful ownership



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1 part Italian Vermouth
3 parts Spring Garden Rye
Shake, strain and add Cherry

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Rye

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BEE'S KNEES

One teaspoonful honey, $\frac{1}{3}$ lemon juice, $\frac{2}{3}$ Laird's Apple Jack, ice, shake and serve.

AT THE BRIDGE



B. V. D.

One teaspoonful Grenadine, $\frac{1}{3}$ lemon juice, $\frac{1}{3}$ gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Laird's Apple Jack, ice, shake and serve.

AFTER THAT WALK



APPLE BLOSSOM

One dash raspberry syrup, one dash orange bitters, $\frac{1}{2}$ sweet cider, $\frac{1}{2}$ Laird's Apple Jack, ice, shake and serve.

For new and interesting Apple Jack highballs, cocktails, punches and fizzes, send 10c in stamps for the most explicit Apple Jack recipe book ever compiled.

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"Old Town Canoes"

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



THE world is getting away from me. I sit down at the typewriter and say to myself: "This month, sweetness

and light or bust. No social influences stuff. No tragedy. No funny business about the rich." And the important books, being reviewed all over the place by people whose concern with the underdog is as strong as my concern for Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., turn out to be *The Robber Barons* by Matthew Josephson (Book-of-the-Month choice); *I Go To Pit College* by Lauren Gilfillan (Literary Guild choice about life in the Pennsylvania coal mines); *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* by James T. Farrell (the tough life of tough guys in Chicago); *Murder—Made in Germany* by Heinz Liepmann (what the Nazis did to their enemies; cruelty of a fantastic sort) and *Black River* by Carleton Beals (what the American oil people did to Mexico; horror of the most unbelievable type).

As for the Book-of-the-Month Club, it had better take steps or it is going to have me on its side. First Adamic's *The Native's Return* and now *The Robber Barons*. Has Sylvia Townsend Warner stopped writing?

I start out with the best intentions and run into nothing but good books.

Of course I could review *Amour: French for Love* by Cecil Barr but I'm afraid to read it for fear of getting notions. So I'm forced back on *The Robber Barons* and am badly shocked. I don't want to translate Mr. Josephson too literally but from what he writes I gather that by robber he means crook. Come now, Mr. Josephson; it's all very well to talk about Kreuger and Stavisky but after all John Hay Whitney rides to hounds. You can't generalize in this fashion. Do you mean to say that the original Whitney idea (as exemplified in the subway situation in New York) was to take all the aces in the deck and then make aces wild? You'll have a hard time convincing me of anything like that. As for your words (authenticated as they are) about the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers and Goulds and Leland Stanfords, they are a bit far-fetched. John D. Rockefeller said, "God gave me my money" and I am willing to rest on that. It is muckrakers like you, Mr. Josephson, who have brought us to our present pass. I don't know what you were doing in October, 1929, but I have my suspicions.

I understand that Mr. Farrell is a fine young man but there must have been somebody in Chicago he could have written about other than Studs Lonigan. Mr. Lonigan is not the sort of person you would have seen in the old days at Mr. Insull's Civic Opera.

•
"Miss
Walsh,
take a
letter."
•



About all that can be expected of people like Mr. Lonigan is that they will grow up to be gangsters. With a little spunk, a little ambition and sense of responsibility, they might just as easily grow up to be attorneys for gangsters.

MR. JOSEPHSON'S book is good reading. That is always the serious thing about works of this nature. Instead of picking out the pleasant features of life, they insist on dwelling upon the facts of business existence which are fascinating but not exactly necessary. It may be all very well to write of the building of the Morgan fortune starting with the selling of inferior articles to the government during the Civil War but it must never be forgotten that J. P. Morgan, the Younger, spoke over the radio in 1932 on behalf of the block-aid plan of relief. To those who speak so lightly of the Whitney stables, I should like to ask what would become of the hostlers, stable managers, touts, betting commissioners and ladies who are fond of jockeys if anything should happen to the Sport of Kings. Our social critics, I am afraid, never think the problem through. No longer than a month ago I witnessed a scene which was touching in its implications and in its assurance that sentiment is not dead within us. A dog had been injured by an automobile. Kind hands lifted it up, carried it into a Park Avenue hotel lobby, where the poor animal was tended by ladies in evening wraps. A call was put in for the S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) and a representative responded immediately. The only unfortunate incident occurred when the S.P.C.A. man had difficulty in getting into the entrance of the hotel by reason of a parade of women and children assisting the hotel-waiters in their strike. It required several valuable minutes to convince them that there was an emergency inside. I am happy to say that the puppy, for he was barely more than that, is now entirely well and able to be around again.

No, I shall need testimony of a stronger character to convince me that all is not well in the world. Mr. Beals can write about his Mexican oil fields if he will, but when it comes to oil wells in Tampico we prefer the treatment of Joseph Hergesheimer. After all there can be love and romance and sweet posies in the very midst of industry. If Mr. Beals will but keep his eyes to the stars he will not be so concerned with the mud under foot. Furthermore,

(Continued on page 51.)

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IN THE GRILL



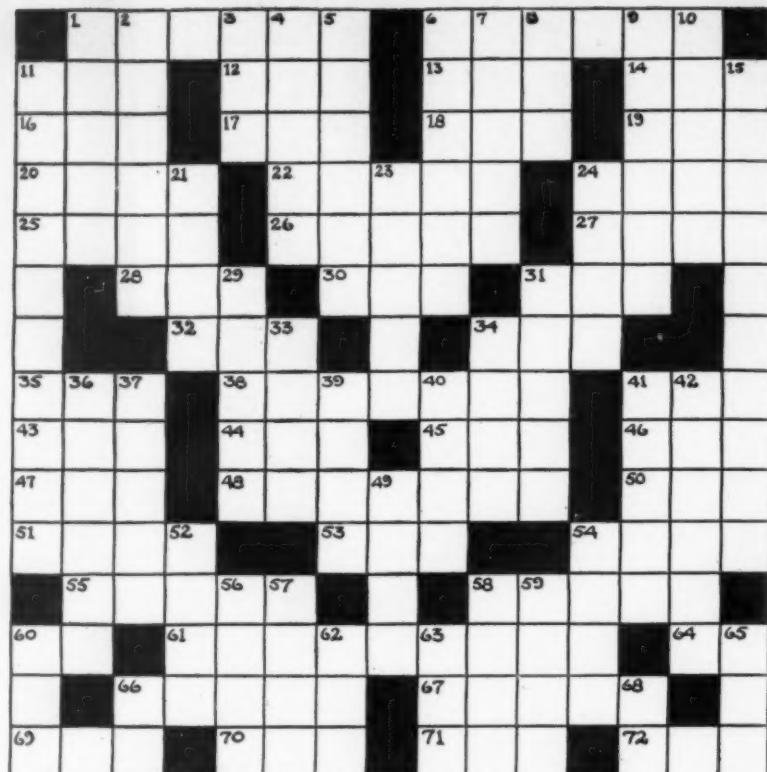
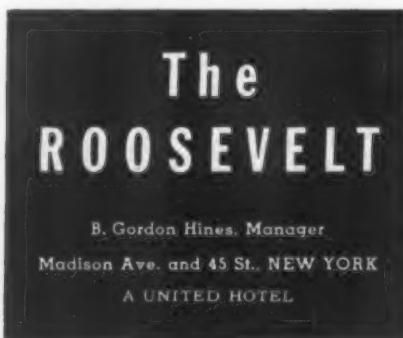
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Dinner 7 to 9:30 p.m. Supper 10:30 to closing

NO COVER CHARGE



ACROSS

- A water flower.
- An early flower.
- A covert watcher.
- This is very fishy.
- A Broadway brow.
- Something pretty dirty.
- A condiment with sup.
- Relatively speaking.
- First principle of femininity.
- Always found with the upper crust.
- Sore spot.
- Crush in.
- Poses.
- Well known Mexican worker.
- Senior.
- A trunk maker.
- To be found not easily.
- Listener.
- To press a suit.
- A contest in which nobody wins.
- A backward dog.
- Hair raiser with the women.
- Made for imitation.
- A kind of shell.
- Very impressive.
- Piece out.
- A nasty slam.
- To string up in lace.
- Tin.
- A lot of talk about religion (pl).
- Unpleasant thing creeping on people.
- The divine thing about love.
- Quiet, please!
- Troubles.
- Falls in drops.
- Very piggish.
- Educated bachelor.
- Putter away.
- Short for a vessel.
- You more than earn this.
- Damnable.
- To knight.
- Grain used for tightening.
- At last!
- The plunge.

- Something to be killed in baseball.
- Series.
- An incorrigible.
- Profanes.
- Enough for most poets.
- Make suitable.
- A kind of poker.
- Ordinary measures.
- Words and music.
- All teeth but no mouth.
- Not a laughing matter.
- Rewards of merit.
- Voice raised above men in general.
- A name for a thing.
- Esau.
- Discoloration.
- Bluebirds.
- These are given to drink.
- A minor issue.
- You put these on for show.
- Fruit.
- Nimble.
- Knock out.
- One thing to say.
- Early growth.
- Little better than nothing.
- The hard part about winter.
- First to come out in spring.
- Short weight.
- Man's name.

MARCH SOLUTION

DENOMINATIONS									
S	R	O	A	D	B	O	R	E	I
T	W	R	R	P	R	S	N	A	S
P	A	L	M	T	R	I	P	E	A
A	R	I	A	R	E	B	E	L	G
T	R	E	L	L	S	M	E	P	A
R	E	L	L	I	A	P	E	M	O
I	N	S	N	A	G	T	C	H	S
C	B	U	G	L	E	T	R	A	K
K	S	E	E	M	Y	E	N	S	B
S	T	R	A	N	T	S	M	I	D
D	I	G	N	O	D	E	W	E	A
A	C	R	O	B	A	T	E	B	R
Y	A	P	A	C	E	K	Y	A	K
O	M	E	N	S	E	A	W	E	E

VERTICAL

- Area.
- This subsists on crushed foods.
- Annoy.
- This is always sound.
- Rather tame.
- Smart.
- Nomad.
- What we do with debts.



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Refinement
Friendliness
Charm
always distinctive of

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make living
WORTH WHILE

All Gourmets Know its
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Low Rates • Convenient Location
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Room and Dance to Joe Moss'
Music. No cover charge.

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VANDERBILT
HOTEL

Thirty-fourth Street East
at Park Avenue

NEW YORK
WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager

THEATRE

(Continued from page 32)

One of the niggers in the woodpile is a sort of Topsy. Fay Bainter, who has been playing Topsy in a revival of *Uncle Tom*, keeps on playing Topsy as Mrs. Dodsworth. She and Mr. Howard conspire to keep this woman so utterly unattractive that I, for one, had no sympathy whatever with Mr. Dodsworth's attachment for her. And that seems to take all the kick out of the play. It is true that when Mr. Dodsworth goes back to Zenith from Europe without her, he is furiously upset not to find his newspaper and mail and slippers put out for his evening arrival home, but even the lack of these two-bit ministrations would not drive any sane man flying back to Europe to the arms of such a nit-wit woman.

I advise you to see Walter Huston in *Dodsworth*, but with the warning that aside from his playing and the playing of relatively bit parts by Mrs. Huston (Nan Sunderland) and one or two others, and sets by Jo Mielziner, the show is not worth a great many whoops.

The Wind and the Rain

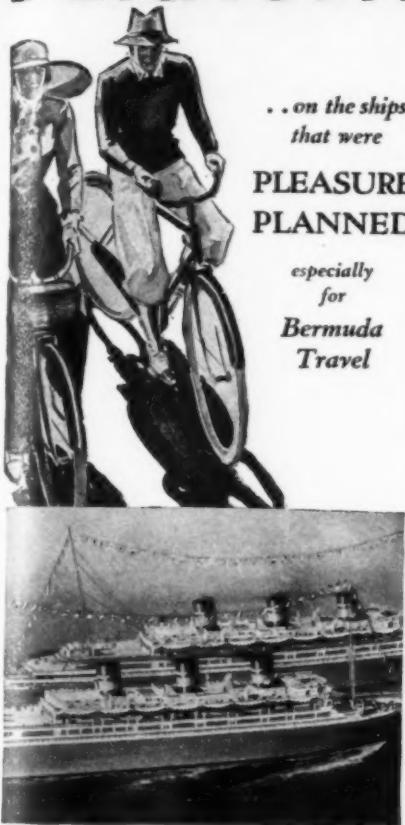
THE shows I like best are somehow hard to shout about, because they don't shout themselves, and shouting seems rather out of place in connection with them. I'd like, for instance, to go into some sort of noisy convulsions on your doorstep over *The Wind and the Rain*. I'd put it right up alongside *Her Master's Voice* as one of the most magnificent, most colossal—now, there, you see, one simply can't use rave words over these fine, quiet little evenings which merit the biggest raves. They're the rarest things in the theatre, the hardest to do, the greatest fun, yet they call for restrained hurrahs. I hope I have sneaked over the idea that I think *The Wind and the Rain* is colossal.

The cast of *The Wind and the Rain*

"*The Wind and the Rain*" is stupendous, gigantic, amazing—I mean it's a fine little comedy



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that were
PLEASURE
PLANNED
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for
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is about three-fourths English. Its head man, Frank Lawton, a favorite in London, but comparatively unknown here, is as engaging a young man as the stage has offered in many a year. And Alexander Archdale is capital in a comedy rôle. Rose Hobart represents America in this triangle, and plenty well.

The Wind and the Rain is a deliciously uneventful (if, by events, you mean suicide, incest, unfaithfulness, embezzlement and the like) little (if, by little, you mean no doors slamming, no revolving stage, no mob scenes and no screams) comedy about student life in an Edinburgh boarding house.

The Shining Hour

THE SHINING HOUR cast is 100 percent English, and when a play comes to town billed as 100 percent English, it is a safe policy to rush right down and take it in, for it is practically bound to be top hole (though there is some talk of immigration restrictions which will prevent these pleasant importations, worse luck!). I'd class *The Shining Hour* somewhere below *The Wind and the Rain* because, after a most charming first act, it goes quite unexpectedly serious in the second and third acts; a barn burns down, and there is a tragedy which I shall not divulge, and the leading man breaks dishes. Light or heavy, however, I think that Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, Adrienne Allen and their good companions put up an evening of dandy acting in a pretty fine play, well worth anybody's going down to witness.

Richard of Bordeaux

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX is an actors' idea of court life in England of the Fourteenth Century. It is yelled practically every inch of the way. There are some good sets by P. Dodd Ackerman and some beautiful poses by Dennis King and company, and plenty of beautiful delsarte, but the point is, people just don't talk that way in court or out, and probably never did. I'll bet a 1929 Chevrolet that they never did . . . motor smooth, and tires and paint in good condition.

I imagine the acting is excellent of the kind that it is, but I fear that I am not meant for this kind of drama.

(For further notes turn back to page 6)

. . .

Answers to "Who Said This?"
(page 5)

- 1.—I. 2.—H. 3.—G. 4.—A. 5.—C.
6.—B. 7.—J. 8.—D. 9.—F. 10.—E.

SAUTernes

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STOP & GO SERVICE

(Continued from page 6)

home-sentiment stuff for sniffles. You say it sounds a bit boring? That's what I think.

The Shakedown (Charles Farrell, Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis)—What is this? *Advice to the Lovelorn* started panning cut-rate drug merchandise, and this one carries on. Dunt tellink me heets gung to be a cycle! There is a very slim chance that you may possibly for some strange reason sort of like this one if you're a druggist.

Trapeze (Anna Sten)—Revival of the German film, shown here two years ago. It now has English dialog dubbed in. Brought back to cash in on publicity created for Miss Sten by *Nana*. Film explains why Miss Sten caught the eye of Hollywood. Also offers interesting circus stuff.

BOOKS

A Modern Tragedy by Phyllis Bentley. What happens in Merrie England when the factory stops making money. Extremely well done.

An Altar in the Fields by Ludwig Lewisohn. When times get tough, all you have to do is go back to the farm. If they get tougher, you probably go back to a cave.

Duranty Reports Russia by Walter Duranty and Gustavus Tuckerman, Jr. A collection of news reports to the *N. Y. Times* by the man who convinced the world that the Bolsheviks were human beings. Compare them with our dumb ideas of five years ago.

Fireweed by Mildred Walker. Something like "South Moon Under" and also good.

Murder in the Calais Coach by Agatha Christie. Best mystery of the month.

On the Shore by Albert Halper. The old man, the family in Chicago, where life seems to have been interesting if not bounteous. Well done.

Summer's Play by G. B. Stern. For those who hate the old dames who sit on hotel porches.

The Manhood of Studs Lonigan by James T. Farrell. The real stuff about the tough kids of Chicago who later occupy the hot seat.

The Postman Always Rings Twice by James M. Cain. Hard-boiled and fine reading but don't let them fool you. It's not great.

The Robber Barons by Mathew Josephson. In which Grandpapa Van Derbilt, Astor, Gould, *et al.*, snatch the coin with which the boys and girls are now riding around in their private cars. Very swell.

The Vatican by George Seldes. Contrary to what you might, if not a Catholic, think, it's a fascinating story of the great organization.

They All Sang by Edward B. Marks. The old songs and the people who wrote them. Put your money on the St. Louis Blues to last.



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CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 45)

if the Mexicans hadn't wanted the Americans in Tampico, it was only necessary for them to say so. No gentleman is ever content to remain as a guest where he is not welcome.

BUT if I am irked I must confess that my complaint is not entirely with my rougher friends. What pierces me more severely is the case of Harold Bell Wright. And Zane Grey. We make them what they are today and then where are they when we need them. Mr. Wright is off somewhere in California building a house. Mr. Grey is salmon fishing or something. Life is hard enough without these gentlemen deserting us in a crisis. In a newspaper I've just seen a picture of Kathleen Norris going off to Europe on a vacation. A vacation at a time like this! While Congress is fooling around with the CWA, we may be losing Temple Bailey.

If it is all the same to those who like life in the raw, I should prefer a little romance. Whatever became of Elinor Glyn? Of Ethel Dell? Of Thornton Wilder? We have *Anthony Adverse*, the fellow who wrote that book about Napoleon, but there have been complaints. It seems that the love is not nice love. This comes as a surprise to me because as I read along in the book (I think it was in the fourth week these thoughts came to me), the love seemed all right. A little warm in spots but after all there was a motion picture made in 1932 which showed a lady living with a man who was not her husband.

Perhaps I shouldn't expect too much. Life isn't what it used to be when we drove over in the ox-team to visit the young ladies. The simple pleasures are no more. About the least you can get by on now is one dollar a night—sixty cents for the movies and forty cents for the chocolate sodas. In those days there were no movies and the cider was free. What the oxen ate, I can't remember. We may come back to those days—in fact I heard only recently of a man who had been grievously disappointed in his search for an ox. When last seen he had compromised on a Mack Truck.

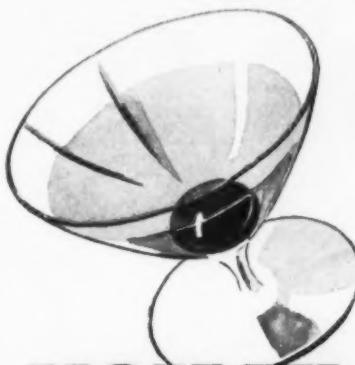
(For briefer mention see opposite page)

9th Inning

ON its annual excursion
 Into storage goes my Persian
 Lamb again, poor little critter,
 Caged except when winds are bitter.
 —Margaret Fishback.



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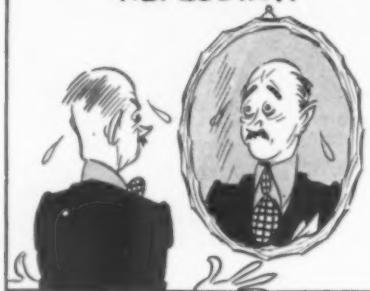
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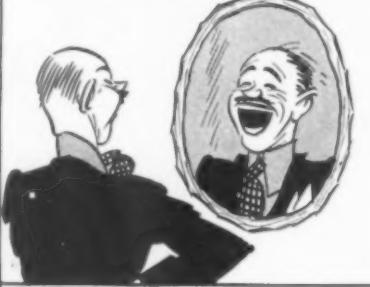
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the past eight months," he writes, "and have personal knowledge of several other camps and I know that the predominant disposition of the men is not 'tough as hell.' They are just every-day boys—the majority being from good, honest American families such as yours and mine. . . . Don't leave your public with such an erroneous impression of the Army and the CCC boys." OK, Lieutenant.

Success Story: The John Ward Shoe Company has just named a shoe after our Professor Gurney (Queerrespondence) Williams. It's called the Gurney Club. Honest.

Art Note: Robert Day tells us that just as he was about to mix the water colors with which to embellish this month's cover somebody turned the water off in his apartment. Not to be foiled, though, Mr. Day rushed to the refrigerator, dumped out some ice cubes and melted them. The cover came in on time.

—The Editors.



Edwina doesn't spend *all* her time drawing Sinbad. Here's a page from her sketch book to prove it.

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